

The World Tomorrow

AUGUST, 1931

Travelogue of Hell

Prison as Seen by a Leavenworth Inmate

HULET M. WELLS



From a drawing by Albert Daenens

An American Negro in South Africa

FRANK B. LENZ

The Sickness of Liberal Religion

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

Editorials, Verse, Book Reviews

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Who's Who in This Issue

Hulet M. Wells, who has had experience as a teacher, lawyer, civil service employe, and labor leader, was convicted of anti-war utterances and served a prison sentence of one and one-half years.

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Orville Willis Jones has been a coal miner, a manufacturer, and a member of the school board at Huntington Park, California, as well as a writer of short stories and poems.

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War Resistance Old and New

Devere Allen

Rural France Becomes Peace Conscious

Dorothy Walton Binder

The World Tomorrow

A Journal Looking Toward a Social Order Based on the Religion of Jesus

Vol. XIV

August, 1931

No. 8

Editorials

July 1, 1932?

Whether or not Europe is to be confronted with an ominous crisis next summer will be determined in part by the change in public opinion on war debts which takes place within the United States during the intervening months. The year's moratorium was urgently necessary and has had a beneficial effect upon the morale of the entire world. But no fundamental problems have been solved thereby. Indeed, the situation next July will be worse than before, unless in the meantime Germany's load can be permanently lightened.

A further reduction in reparations and war debts is absolutely essential to world recovery. This fact is now generally recognized by economists. In this connection, the phrasing of the President's original note proposing a moratorium is highly significant. While Mr. Hoover vigorously disavowed a willingness to cancel war debts, *he did not say that he was opposed to further reductions* in debt payments. Indeed, he seemed to be laying the groundwork for subsequent reductions when he said: "I am sure the American people have no desire to attempt to extract any sum beyond the capacity of any debtor to pay, and it is our view that broad vision requires that our Government should recognize the situation as it exists."

The peace forces of the United States will be criminally negligent if they fail to create public opinion favorable to further debt reductions. A vigorous campaign of education should be promoted with the objective of convincing the American public that a scaling down of war debts is desirable on economic, political, and moral grounds.

The relation of reparations and debts to international finance was again made clear by the rapid rise in stock values in all parts of the world upon receipt of the President's proposal. German reparation payments have from the beginning been made possible by equivalent or greater loans by the Allies. Germany has thus been sinking deeper and deeper into the morass of debt. There is not the slightest reason to believe that by next July she will be able, without further borrowing, to continue the Young Plan payments.

Moreover, the political situation in Germany makes it improbable that she will resume these payments next year even if it should be proved that she is financially

able to do so. Extreme hostility to reparation payments is rampant throughout the Reich. By the narrowest of margins a Fascist or a Communist revolution has thus far been averted, and violent revolt is still an imminent possibility. Knowledge of this fact was doubtless the primary reason for Mr. Hoover's proposal. Nothing less than a drastic reduction in reparations will save representative government in Germany. Postponement will only aggravate the situation, unless it is followed by substantial scaling down. And the latter depends upon the willingness of American taxpayers to reduce the Allied debts to us.

Furthermore, the moral foundation of reparations should be examined afresh. Why are such payments being exacted at all? The answer is found in Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles. The asserted responsibility of Germany for causing the World War is the cornerstone upon which the indemnity rests. It is common knowledge, however, that the thesis of Germany's sole guilt was long ago abandoned by most reputable scholars.

Not a moment should be lost, therefore, in launching a nation-wide effort to prepare the American public mind for further reductions in war debts. This task rivals in importance the endeavor to persuade the Senate to ratify the protocols of the World Court and the campaign to induce our Government to assert vigorous leadership at the World Disarmament Conference in demanding substantial reductions in armaments all along the line.

Class Hatred

Recent issues of the *Daily Worker*, the official organ of the Communist Party in the United States, reveal the wide gulf which separates communist strategy from that of the Socialist Party. The ancient challenge to love your enemies and do good to those who persecute you is bluntly repudiated by communists and supplanted by the doctrine of class hatred and class war. In harmony with the communist belief that capitalism must be destroyed before an equitable social order can be created and its doctrine that only by violence can capitalism be overthrown, the *Daily Worker* is constantly striving to create hatred—hatred toward the owning classes, the Government, the churches, the American Federation of Labor, and the Socialist Party.

Beneath a picture recently published ran the legend: "Part of the mob of 10,000 which howled for the blood of the nine Alabama Negro children at their first 'trial' at Scottsboro, Ala.; the 'trial' was deliberately for the opening of horse-swapping and Fair day and as an added inducement to neighboring farmers to visit Scottsboro."

In recent issues we read: "Hoover smirks at all the mass suffering! Let the workers die! What does he care, so long as they die quietly, without demonstrating, making a noise about it, threatening to storm the gates of power! So he goes on with the Naval Program of \$1,000,000,000 for more warships! . . . The present mission of Stimson and Mellon abroad is a WAR MISSION. It is devoted especially towards lining up the capitalist powers for more intensified economic warfare against the Soviet Union preliminary to military intervention. . . . The Hoover imperialist group, through its Federal Farm Board, was storing up grain and other provisions on the Atlantic seaboard for the armies of intervention by arrangement with the French General Staff."

Under the headlines: "Hoover Plans Civil War on German Masses, Imperialist War on Soviet Union," we read: "The Hoover Holiday is an offensive against the working class of Germany and the workers of the United States. . . . Mellon's mission is preparation for a general war of capitalist powers against the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and Civil War on the German working class."

Headlines across an entire page run: "The Church Blesses Imperialist War and Armed Intervention." And lower down: "It is obvious that the 'pacifism' of the Church is just a fake and a swindle. . . . Especially vicious are the so-called liberal churchmen, who are trying to cover up the reactionary essence of the Church with humanitarian and pacifist phrases. . . . Pacifism is a philosophy of fear and impotence. It is not the philosophy of the working class. The working class philosophy is Leninism, the teaching of civil war against imperialist war, for the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of working class rule."

Other recent issues inform us: "That the Socialist Party is the third capitalist party and is allied with the gangsters and bosses and is the most ruthless tool in the hands of the capitalists against the workers, was apparent at the socialists' open-air meeting on Mathon Street, Brighton Beach on June 26. . . . The great danger in the developing struggles against the capitalist offensive is the demagoguery and treachery of the leaders of the American Federation of Labor who are supported by the Socialist Party. These must be especially watched and fought against as the enemies and traitors

within our midst. . . . We have seen how the leaders of the American Federation of Labor and the Socialist Party are standing in the front trenches of this criminal conspiracy against the working class. . . . The Socialist Party is working with Wall Street. The 'left' faker, Muste, is trying to disarm the working class in the face of this capitalist offensive by demoralizing and confusing the more advanced elements. . . . Thus we witness the harmony and unanimity between the Church, labor fakers, and Socialist Party in the work of deceiving the toiling masses, in the work of paving the way for imperialist war and military intervention in the Soviet Union."

The Class Struggle

However wrong this deep-dyed cynicism of the communist organ may seem, it is well for us to remember that it is due in part to the sentimentality and hypocrisy of the middle-class world. There are middle-class pacifists who abhor violence but who haven't the slightest idea of how difficult it is to establish social justice either with or without violence. The kind of class hatred which the communists preach is the way in which outraged truth avenges itself. For it is a fact that political policies are dictated by economic interests, and that the middle-class ideal of a community in which every group is awarded justice by an impartial state is largely an illusion. While it is obviously untrue to suggest that the President smirks at the suffering of the unemployed, it is clear that Mr. Hoover, in common with all of us who live in comfort, has difficulty in appreciating the plight of those who are out of work.

Communism is a perversion of a fundamental truth. The truth is that life in its larger relationships is brutal; and this brutality can be reduced only if it is clearly recognized. Our Western civilization will be saved neither by cynics nor sentimentalists but by realists who understand how to do justice to both the human and the brutal factors in history, who see the struggle for social justice in all its tragic proportions, but who know how to enlist everything that is human in man to overcome what is brutal. The doctrine of class war can be negated in the long run only by a political movement which does justice to both the ethical and the brutal factors of history. Injustice will not be overcome merely by social idealism or by education. The underprivileged must be organized and must set their power against the power of the privileged. They may gain their ends by political and economic pressure which stops short of violence, but it must always be remembered that the ultimate success of non-violent methods depends not only upon the imagination and social intelligence of the advancing groups, but upon the ethical insight of the privileged groups who are asked to yield their privileges.

An Unusual Peace Gesture

Mr. Otway Robinson will never remake the world to his heart's desire. Mr. Otway Robinson is dead. But he, a retired master mariner of England, had ideas of his own along original lines, and in his dying put them into practice. Declaring in his will that "victorious and wealthy England is well able to provide for its soldiers disabled in the late war," Otway Robinson provided that his residue estate, amounting to about \$35,000, should go "to the German Government for the time being for the benefit of its soldiers disabled in the late war." Appearing to believe that a little international generosity would be useful to the cause of good-will in more directions than one, the man who apparently found something to regret in "the late war" left his affairs in such a way that, should his bequest to Germany be found illegal or uncertain in existing circumstances, the money should go to aid Boer victims of the war in South Africa!

However, Otway Robinson may rest in happiness. Mr. Justice Maugham in Chancery Court has ruled that the bequest may properly go to Germany; the German Government has gratefully given the correct assurances; and the British judge has put the final touch on this unique and incredible affair by saying, "A trust for helping ex-enemy soldiers disabled in the war is more likely to tend towards peace in the future than it is to encourage people to adopt bellicose ideas."

A gesture—of course. But about it all there is a touch of the sublime.

The Cleavage in the "Y"

The chasm which separates the city and the student Y. M. C. A.'s was revealed afresh through the recent repudiation by the New York City Association of an editorial condemning the Citizens' Military Training Camps which "inadvertently" appeared in the official organ of the West Side Branch of the metropolitan organization.

The editorial in question was written by A. D. Rugh and appeared over his initials. Douglas Rugh is a product of the student Christian movement and has been employed at the West Side Association for a brief period prior to sailing for foreign service under the National Board of the Y. M. C. A. The heart of the objectionable editorial reads:

Young men attending these training camps for the mental and physical benefits adopt uncritically the unintelligent and barbaric conclusion of their superiors that war is inevitable. . . . The military system and all those who have vested interests in it foster the suspicions, misunderstandings, and hatreds that ulti-

mately make "defensive wars" necessary from the militaristic point of view. . . . Young men, you can have all your expenses paid if you want to learn the art of murder and destruction this summer. Are you going to be bribed?

Unqualified opposition to the C. M. T. C. and Reserve Officers' Training Corps is so commonplace among secretaries and officers of the student "Y" that such an editorial would be taken as a matter of course in many Associations. Not so in the city "Y". Although the New York City personnel is one of the most liberal in the country, the president and the metropolitan secretary flatly repudiated the Rugh editorial. The chairman of the local branch went further and wrote: "The officers of the West Side Branch deeply regret the editorial in question and feel that an apology is due not only to the C. M. T. C. but also to the entire military establishment of the United States of America. This apology we herewith make."

The city "Y" must be made to realize that it is not only dangerous to antagonize the War Department, but equally perilous to the institution to stand in the way of the avalanche of peace sentiment which is determined to abolish the entire war system.

Strikes and Wages

The miners in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky are in a state of unrest and strike action. Desperation has forced them to fashion new unions when old ones failed them, in order to preserve or to reclaim something like a decent minimum wage.

What these miners are doing is but a symbol of the kind of strategy which industrial workers generally will adopt throughout the nation this coming fall and winter. Wages are being cut everywhere. Strikes are wasteful and sometimes futile ways of preserving a standard of living. But he who criticizes them should reflect that we are living in a world in which nothing but industrial war can give the worker protection against the inexorable economic forces which claim him as a victim. As the German worker bears the burden of reparations, so the American worker bears the burden of depression. And he does not even have the satisfaction of believing that he is aiding the recovery of the nation by accepting the burden. For each wage cut simply means that standards of living are lowered still further and over-production increased.

The fact that men must imperil the lives of their families and must undergo the indescribable miseries of strike warfare in order to gain or to maintain what every student of economics regards not only as their right but as a necessity, clearly reveals how anarchic our society is and how far our social life lags behind our social theory.

Travelogue of Hell

HULET M. WELLS

WITH its dull monotonous roar punctuated by an occasional long-drawn wail, our train was winding over the dreary winter landscape of the Nebraska plains. On a table that the porter had set up between the seats four of us were playing cards in a listless, preoccupied way. Suddenly the man opposite me began to talk about his experiences in the war. He was a cleancut rather handsome fellow, fastidious as to person, and of a distinctly aristocratic air and temperament.

He had been a lieutenant, it seemed, and we will call him Lieutenant S. The story that he told was full of bitterness, but not bitterness against his country's enemies. It was a story of the humiliation of a proud spirit by a superior officer—a rankling memory of intolerable arrogance, of jibes and sneers and petty tyranny. It was a refrain I had often heard before. I knew how many men were dragged suddenly out of the environment of civil life to chafe in impotent fury under official insolence. Most of them had borne it silently, as an animal lies quiet in a trap. But there must have been thousands of tortured souls who registered a quiet oath for vengeance after the war. I wondered how many had remembered the oath. In his slow cultured voice Lieutenant S. answered my unspoken thought.

"I wasn't the only one," he said. "There were any number of boys who were praying for the war to end, so they could get even for all the dirt they had to take from some gold-braided swine. But what did they do as soon as they got free? They just slunk quietly away and tried to forget the whole mess.

"I didn't forget," he cried, his voice rising. "I made it my business to follow the skunk. He went to California, and I waited awhile so he wouldn't be suspicious. Then I met him casually, and he thought I'd forgotten. At last one day I got him into my car. He didn't want to go at first, but I told him it was all right—bygones were bygones. When I turned off the highway he was scared. He tried to get out, but I put my gun against him and drove on. Then I stopped, and we got out. I held the gun on him while I went over what he'd done to me in the army.

"I told you I'd get you," I said.

"You wouldn't kill a helpless man, would you?" he asked.

"Helpless, you devil!" I said. "I was helpless, too, and what you did was worse than shooting."

The lieutenant choked and paused, and I shoved him the cards. "It's your deal," I said. He dealt perfunctorily, and went on with his tale.

"I told him that all the chance he'd get was that I'd let him run for it, and give him a break of fifty feet. When he got that far he started to jump and dodge, but I got him. I walked over to him. He wasn't dead yet. 'I'm sorry I had to do it,' I said, 'but I warned you.'"

HE stopped and brooded. Nobody said anything. I felt embarrassed, and studied my cards.

"Play up, Red," I said to the man at my right.

"Oh, let's quit," he answered, throwing down his hand. He jerked his body restlessly, and jerked me with him. Our legs were bound together with iron shackles. For three days and three nights, asleep or awake, neither of us had moved without the other.

Yet there were worse things than shackles. The man in the next seat had his leg incased in a great mass of metal known as an "Oregon boot". We were a group of criminals on our way from McNeil's Island to Leavenworth Penitentiary.

My involuntary seatmate was a raw, redheaded country boy, neither vicious nor degenerate, but lacking in self-control. He had received a life sentence from a wartime court for a sex offense.

Quite different was the fourth member of our quartette. A big shambling youth, noisy and obscene, sallow-faced and loose of mouth, he had no redeeming grace. He was a murderer and proud of it. Mentally there was a gulf between him and the man beside him. Murderers both, they would drag out their lives together under the same conditions, behind the same gray walls. But while the soldier was a product of twentieth century culture, the other might have been a throwback to Neanderthal.

The story of Lieutenant S. seemed to have sprung almost involuntarily from some dark reservoir of inward torture. Now the other began a rambling boastful account of his adventures on the Alaska coast. He had killed a man without any evident provocation or incentive, except a small amount of plunder. He and a companion had then stolen a schooner and gone on a mad flight down the coast, wrecking the boat in a storm and escaping to the land. Other lawless exploits followed, ending at last in the inevitable capture.

His eyes danced like a madman's. His general intelligence was that of a lowgrade moron. Indeed, any sanity commission would have had difficulty in deciding on which side of the indefinite line he belonged.

As to myself, my descent into crime had been sudden. In February, 1917, I had been an idealistic and more or less respected citizen, backing up the neu-

trality policy of the President. Three months later the policy changed, and I became a non-conformist and a felon.

In this description of four pilgrims on the way of the transgressor I have put down the exact facts as nearly as I can remember them. I have done so because the widely different types that I have sketched are indicative of the heterogeneity of the prison population. This diversity of types and the impossibility of any uniform corrective treatment is the core of whatever penological conclusions or theories I may have reached as a result of my experience.

IT was late at night when we passed through the forbidding portals of the prison and heard the steel doors clang behind us. It was much later before tools were finally found which would separate our bandit comrade from his "Oregon boot". Then the shackles were removed from the rest of us and we were given temporary cells for the night.

It took us all next day to get finger-printed and registered, have a bath, wait in a long naked line for medical inspection, get our prison clothes, and be assigned to work and to permanent cells. I was sent to work in the laundry. The guard had no sooner left me there than I was given a hearty welcome by old Jim, dean of the yeggs who are the cream of prison society. To explain this honor I must carry my personal story back to McNeil's Island.

McNeil's Island is a small Federal prison in the state of Washington. In Leavenworth the deputy warden was the disciplinarian, and the warden was only a remote political figure, but at McNeil's the situation was reversed. The deputy there was a kindly man, but he was allowed no authority. Every detail of prison life was dominated by a hardboiled warden who was hated by every man in the institution. Eventually I clashed with him and committed the grave offense of flouting prison discipline. I was inspired neither by courage nor bravado. The truth is that I was far gone with the well-known spiritual sickness of the postwar period. The addition of heavy work on insufficient food, the slave-driving methods of certain guards, and my personal dislike for the warden, produced a cumulative mental and physical weariness which made me quite indifferent to anything that might happen.

I had no thought of publicity. I had known too much of public opinion to want any more contact with it. It was a private battle between myself and the warden, and out of it I hoped to get solitary confinement or a transfer. The affair, however, got into the public prints, and a long succession of investigators began to arrive. A grand jury came, smoking good cigars and peering curiously, and went away to report everything normal, as indeed it was. In anticipation of their visit I had been unchained from my dungeon

door and placed in an ordinary cell. Finally an inspector came from Washington, D. C., and recommended my transfer.

IF my prison life had been limited to McNeil's, there might well be doubt as to the objectivity of my views on the system. It would probably be difficult under such conditions to bring an entirely unbiased mind to a consideration of the general prison problem. With respect to Leavenworth it is different. I had there no special enemies and no special grievances. I lost my individuality and became an automaton, crushed mechanically into the prison mold, but not long enough to lose my sense of detachment and my critical faculty.

An unexpected reputation for recalcitrance had preceded me. What I had done was, of course, bad for discipline. Shortly before I was transferred, a middle-aged convict completed his five-year sentence. He was counted the toughest and most violent prisoner at McNeil's. Having lost all his "good time", he had done the last year in "solitary". On the day he was to go out, as he passed my cell, he yelled, so that he could be heard all over the cellhouse, "Keep it up, Wells, old boy, and you'll get their goats", adding obscene embellishments. "You god-damned bastard!" roared the guard, and with swinging fists, backed him into his cell.

So old Jim, at Leavenworth, also greeted me with congratulations, cursing the Island warden as he recalled the "stretch" he had done there. He was a "three-time loser", and now, with graying hair, and serving a twenty-year term, it was doubtful if he would ever again breathe the air of freedom.

He invited me to meet the other members of his little clique of safecrackers. The first to be introduced, and the only one I remember clearly, was Shorty. Shorty had a ten-year sentence, but he was young, and might expect a flash of freedom until he was caught again, or died by violence in his chosen calling. He was a true Apache type, small of stature, but with a body like a steel spring. Cold, cunning, and nerveless, he was rumored to be quick and deadly with either gun or knife.

"Here," said old Jim to Shorty, "this is the lad from McNeil's—an' he's all right too—had a run-in with old Hooligan."

Shorty sized me up with a long cool stare and turned quietly away. He saw that old Jim had made a mistake, and that I was not the stuff of which good criminals are made.

Of the hopelessly anti-social types, theirs is the most intelligent. Proud of their skill, they look down with contempt on the crude "rackets" of the lesser fry. They maintain an aloof dignity and a group code of honor. They follow the newspapers eagerly for news of safe, bank, and mail robberies, and they dream of

the day when they can get back in the game. The anti-social aspect of their craft means no more to them than stealing camels from an enemy tribe means to an Arab. To talk to them of "going straight" would be the same as talking to Clarence Darrow about "getting right with God".

Going farther down the scale, we reach the gangster type. Chicago has advertised them so well during the last few years that they need little description. They range from booze runners to killers for hire. Underneath their superficial smartness they are unimaginative, stupid, cowardly, and cruel.

Lower down we find a swarming breed of lesser parasites—coke peddlers, auto thieves, swindlers, blackmailers, sneak-thieves, dips and panderers. Most of these do not get through to the "big-house", but a few are to be found even in a Federal prison.

Drop down to the next ledge of the pit and meet the degenerates. Here are those convicted of incest, rape, and unnatural crimes. As for homo-sexualism, it runs rampant through the whole prison. Boys of a certain type are openly courted by jealous rivals. Joe, the convict clerk in the laundry office, was a homo-sexual, frank and unashamed. One day when the foreman was away I was ordered to help in the office. While I worked, Joe leaned against an effeminate youth, talking in an ingratiating undertone. One of his rivals for the favor of the boy appeared on the scene, and instantly a fight started. Getting the worst of it, Joe pulled from his pocket one of the sharp desk knives used in the office, and was trying to stab his opponent when the guard appeared and arrested both of them. The deputy called me as a witness next morning, and I lied as he expected me to do. Witnesses in prison do not talk.

Down at the bottom of the noisome pit lurk monsters more terrible than any I have named—fiends who strangle women—sadists who delight in pain. The naked soul of the atavistic human is not a pleasant thing to contemplate.

EUGENE DEBS, in his Atlanta cell, did not see these things. He was a flaming prophet, measuring all mankind by the gauge of his own clean soul. For that matter, few of our reformers have been realists in respect to the problem of crime. On the one side of the problem are the authorities who, for the most part, know no rule except the tradition of brutality and force, and who have no illusions about the depravity of human nature. On the other side are the various groups of social meliorists, all of them saturated with the anarchist idea of the innate goodness of humanity.

Humanitarians of all shades, whether individualist, pluralist, or collectivist, join in repeating what Professor Babbitt calls the Rousseau myth. Remove the pressure of unjust laws and humanity, they think, will

spring forthwith into its perfect flower. Only in Russia did I find a social outlook that united realism with hope. There a complete change in social conditions is thought to be the necessary precedent to cultural and spiritual growth; but the idea of an immediate relinquishment of force in social discipline is considered chimerical.

And that is the truth as I see it. The improvement of the human breed is a slow process. Only in the minority at the top have the ape and tiger died. In the minority at the bottom the comparison is a euphemism. Between the two extremes is the great stupid mass of men unconsciously responsive to their environment, as a result of which, thousands every year fall into the hoppers of the prisons.

Let us extract such comfort as we may from the knowledge that the majority of the prison population do not belong to the criminal types I have sketched. The "fresh fish" that come into the prisons are a cross-section of our population at large. Mostly they have tripped over some provision of our plethoric codes, or they have done a social wrong under provocation which the average citizen has happened to avoid.

These people have the tastes, habits, and feelings of the average citizen. Is it then a matter for complacency that, with the solemn mockery of law, we continue to hurl them into a festering pit where some will be utterly corrupted, and all will agonize, with no possible benefit to society? Year by year the problem grows, and we meet it by building the prisons bigger.

Unless we ourselves are sadists, the purpose of our penal institutions is not to inflict pain as a revenge for crime, but to prevent its recurrence. For the latter purpose, common sense demands that we divide the stream of lawbreakers into the classes that require radically different treatment.

A half-hearted effort has already been made to separate the youthful from the mature. But this differentiation is not the most significant. The same lines of demarcation run through all ages. Lawbreakers fall obviously into three classes: (1) the definitely anti-social; (2) those with anti-social habits and tendencies but with a good possibility of reclamation; (3) the casual offenders.

I hold no brief for the first class except that I am against the torture of any living thing. Russia, in her transitional crisis, gives them short shrift. We can afford to be more lenient, especially as it would cost us less than the present system. Prisons should be isolated, self-supporting communities, differing in type according to the special needs of the three classes of offenders.

Occasionally some penal reformer arises to observe profoundly that the thing prisoners need most of all is hard work. Work is a good thing in itself only when one is free. Under the lash of authority it becomes a galling burden. What prisoners need is the chance

to work with the same economic incentive that prevails in the outside world. With the piece-work system introduced as far as practicable, the revenue of prison industry could defray the whole cost of the institutions and still pay as good wages as free workmen generally receive.

In crimes against property the offender can make restitution by working out a fine. In other crimes—even murder—money can often relieve resultant injury to dependents. Where judges feel that an offender is not likely to repeat his crime, he should be given the option of working out a fine or serving a term in prison. He should be free to choose, because otherwise we get back to the old problem of enforced labor.

AFTER thousands of years of demonstration we should be ready to admit that severity of punishment is not a deterrent. All society can do is to attack the social conditions that produce criminals and to isolate those already produced. That being so, there is no reason why members of a prison community should not buy meals at a prison restaurant, rent rooms in a prison dormitory, and purchase anything in the way of personal needs not detrimental to the institution.

A fierce chorus will be raised against such a plan because of its supposed economic effect. Organized labor, as I well know, will be the first to howl it down. There are more workers now than there are jobs for; they will say. Our stupidity in handling crime may be deplorable, but our economic ignorance is almost incredible.

A dull schoolboy ought to be able to see that a gradual increase of wage-earners does not affect the job situation. Since the first industrial crisis that I remember, we have increased our gainful population by some twenty millions, and the cycle of unemployment still runs in much the same ratio. Yet the old outcry against married women in industry and prison-made goods is still as strong as ever in labor circles. Let me say once more that an exchange of products between workers never yet decreased employment, and that they had better look elsewhere for the cause of over-production. As to the charge of unfair competition with private business, the extra cost of prison maintenance will take the place of profit, and equalize the production cost of goods.

There will be another protest that is harder to answer. It will come from the people who believe in prisons for the same reason that they believe in hell. Sin must be punished. Very well. Sin is a matter between the individual and his God, if he has one. But crime is a social symptom, and we must jointly meet the responsibility for it. We are meeting it now by maintaining a hell, and a look into it makes a sane man shudder.

The Bronx

I FIRST discerned her in the fog,
Hunch-waddling past the synagogue:
Loose, fleshy sides well harnessed up,
On straining leash the ubiquitous pup;
From scented hair to squealing shoe,
She moved incarnate modern Jew.
Then around she turned—was it mist or tears?—
(O, Litany of five thousand years)
For I was shaken, stunned, to see
The eyes of Rachel full on me.

LILLIAN ZELHOFER

Middle-Aged Men

THIS is a song of middle-aged men:
(The old are sleepy and wise,
The young are self-sufficient and free;)
These have maimed dreams in their eyes.
Age has discarded his dreaming long since,
His pulse grown sluggish and chill,
But men who have come to Half-Way Street
Have fires in their beings still;
And ears alert to the gathering doom,
Their minds aware of defeat;
Clutching at life with their bleeding hands,
Yet finding the living sweet. . . .

These are the wanderers whose song I would sing:
Lost to their childhood, alien to death;
Yet frightened boys peer from the depths of their eyes,
And sob in the catch of their breath.

MARION DOYLE

The Things of Beauty I Have Known

THE things of beauty I have known are mine
Through some deep choice of me beyond declaring;
And I will cherish them as one preparing
Toll for the bridges further down the line.
I will contend these beauties I divine
Belong to me for use in my soul's faring
And hang my skies with them against despairing
When sun and moon and stars neglect to shine.

I will present them at the outer gate
As what my span of life has meant to me;
For beauty springs from truth, inviolate,
Upon its infinite periphery;
And I must know her from my ledge of fate
Where, when she passes, only I can see.

LEFA MORSE EDDY

Barricades and Business Management

*The Story of B. Charney Vladeck**

FROM the top of the building of *The Jewish Daily Forward*, one of the tallest in the neighborhood, you look down over the tenement roofs of all the lower East Side, with the new Empire State Building and the Chrysler tower aflash in the sunlight for background. To the south, are the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan, to the east, the river and the spires of Brooklyn.

Under the tower of this most famous of Jewish daily papers sits a man whose keen eyes have long since taken in every significant detail of the swarming city life below him and yet who knows that New York's East Side where he has spent so many busy years is still largely alien to the rest of America and that the Socialist Party in which he plays so prominent a role has not yet struck firmly down into the grass roots of the country. This man in the office of the general manager of *The Forward* is B. Charney Vladeck, one-time professional revolutionist, who spent most of his young manhood in Russian and Polish jails, former alderman of New York City, now manager of one of the most successful foreign language papers in the United States, lecturer, teacher, writer and all the time a Socialist.

Stroll with him through the East Side that he knows so well and it seems as though every third person must stop to shake Vladeck's hand, comment on something he has written or said, or, as often as not, ask him to aid in some money-raising campaign. For there are few liberal, labor, or Socialist causes in America that have not at one time or another called on Vladeck for help when they have found themselves in financial straits—as most causes of this nature frequently find themselves. Go to a Socialist dinner and when you have eaten your revolutionary way through the traditional tepid soup, broiled chicken, and brick ice-cream, if you find Baruch Charney Vladeck rising to preside over the speech-making, be prepared to give and give all but your carfare home, when the collectors come around. For the man can simply charm money out of the closest pressed wallets. He can give gaiety and gusto even to that terrible ordeal known to all attendants upon radical gatherings as "the money-speech." "Sometimes I think," he remarked almost wistfully once, "that the comrades think more of me as a 'schnorrer' (beggar) than a speaker."

But here we are not concerned so much with the financial abilities of the man, which would have given him a high place among those skyscrapers in the money

markets near him, as with the genuine brilliance of his intellect and the fire that glows in those eyes behind the spectacles. For Vladeck is a curious compound, typical perhaps of the newer school of Socialists, of skepticism and self-sacrifice, of caution and true courage, never forgetting the ordeals of his revolutionary days and yet distrustful deep down of the dogmatic Marxist and the amateur American revolutionist.

He has the professional's scorn for the amateur, whether that amateur is performing in the parlors of Greenwich Village or in "mass demonstrations" in Detroit. You see he became a professional revolutionist at the age of fifteen and he still bears on his body scars from the whips of the Czar's Cossacks. So he smiles rather grimly when he hears himself denounced as a "betrayer of the labor movement" by some fledgling American Communist, and again he shrugs his shoulders when he is told by the old Marxists in his own Party that he and the paper which he manages are becoming dangerously "liberalized."

To be sure, there are many responsible critics of genuine integrity within the ranks of the Socialist Party today who feel that *The Forward* is not always true to its Socialist faith, that it compromises too readily in order to keep on the right side of the ledger, that its editorials lack their old-time fervor, and that many of the salaries paid its officers are way beyond any Socialist levels. To be sure, also, it is not fair to place the blame for what seems to be a steady rightward movement of this influential paper upon Vladeck alone.

HE has been up and down and all about this country for many years now, and he has come to the belief that the Russian formula and even the more advanced European Socialist formulæ will make small headway with a people who as he says, "are children economically and politically." He sees ahead the most intensive sort of educational work, with the infiltration into the Socialist Party of more and more of those who have an American rather than a European background. He hails the recruiting of such men as Harry Ward, Reinhold Niebuhr, Sherwood Eddy, Heywood Broun and others because he feels that they can bring Socialism out of its East Side milieu into America proper. And this attitude has cost him the friendship of many of those who thought years back that he would be the fiery leader of the "militant" wing of the Party.

In a recent review of Norman Thomas's book, *America's Way Out*, Vladeck wrote:

The weakness of the Socialist movement in America has al-

* One of a series of sketches of pathfinders to a new society, published anonymously to permit greater frankness. Reproduction limited to 300 words.

ways been a challenge to the accepted notions of Marxism. Here is a country in the highest stage of industrialization—a stage set by history for a great social upheaval. Economically it has developed in full accordance with scientific Socialism, but socially and politically it is as backward as China. For some reason the actors have failed to appear for the enactment of the social drama, the lines and roles for which have been written for quite some time. Karl Kautsky tried to explain away this contradiction several decades ago. Most of his reasons are no longer valid, and yet the Socialist movement in the United States is as weak or perhaps even weaker today than it has been in the past. We have always thought that there was something fundamentally wrong with the country. After reading *America's Way Out*, one begins to ask whether there isn't something wrong with the Socialist Party. Thomas is not very specific on this particular question. His answer is rather halting and indirect, but one cannot help but feel that Thomas is saying to all of us: "Now look here, you have been at this work for decades and you have failed. The American people neither assimilated your thoughts nor approved of your battle-cries. Perhaps the fault isn't with the cause but rather with its presentation. So let me explain Socialism to the American people in a new way."

Small wonder that Vladeck's frank recognition of the weakness of his Party's propaganda causes consternation among the old-timers. "What can they know of Socialism who only Karl Marx know?" he asks in effect and stands up at Party meetings to urge a fresh orientation of Socialist propaganda. To "explain Socialism to the American people in a new way"—that is the man-sized job which Vladeck has cut out for himself, and to it devotes the bulk of his burning energies.

THERE is fire a'plenty in the man when he is campaigning in New York. He knows his city and the ways of its rulers. He knows what so many Socialists do not know, the complexities of capitalism and its psychology. Vladeck has given heed to the advice of G. K. Chesterton that it is more important to know the philosophy of your enemy than the number of troops at his disposal. When he was elected alderman on the Socialist ticket, after a red-hot campaign in a Brooklyn district, he took his job very seriously and decided that he must know all about the powers of the Board of Aldermen under the City Charter. He went straightway to the Municipal Reference Library and there asked for a copy of the Charter and the available literature pertaining thereto. The librarian looked at him with astonishment. "Mr. Vladeck," said he, "in all the years I have been here, no Alderman has ever before asked for a copy of the Charter." This was in 1918 and for the next four years in which he sat in the Aldermanic Chamber, first with six other Socialist colleagues and then with three, his conscientious study of the Charter and its provisions made many miserable moments for his old-line opponents. Likewise, when he speaks to his crowded weekly forum on current events, he makes no generalized denuncia-

tions, but shrewdly selects those facts and figures which have the most teeth in them.

"Never debate with that man Vladeck," was the advice given by a Tammany chieftain to a younger speaker. "When he shoots off his face, he's likely to hit you in the weakest spot you got."

BUT it is not only in the rough and tumble of a New York political campaign that Vladeck's ability as a speaker stands out. There was a group of liberals in a mid-west city which more out of curiosity than anything else decided to invite an East Side Jewish Socialist to address them. Vladeck came and spoke and conquered. It was a luncheon meeting but it was long after five o'clock in the afternoon before the chairman was finally able to shoo the members out of the hall, so anxious were they to hear more from this keen-witted man whose accent was so heavy, but whose bearing was so easy and good-humored.

Vladeck's technique of speaking is the envy of many a professional orator. His success lies in his ability to capture the interest of his audience from the start, and this in turn comes from his quick appraisal of the crowd before him. Many a youngster has joined the Socialist Party after hearing Vladeck speak, captivated



From an etching by Bernard Sanders

B. Charney Vladeck

by the shining sincerity and forthrightness of the man; again, he has given renewed hope to veterans drooping under the strain of the struggle.

If it is an East Side audience to which he speaks, he begins by some simple story dealing, let us say, with the relations between the rich and the poor and packing at the end an unexpected punch which brings to its knees all pretension and pomp. He knows that the Jews love to watch the thrusting of tackle under the seats of the mighty. He knows that they love a good story and its teller, and he can create the mood that will carry his listeners along with him through an involved economic argument on which he throws the light of humor and reasonableness so that when he is through economics seems anything but a "dismal science."

Never does he leave the argument to the mere marshalling of facts and statistics, whether he is talking to economists gathered at conferences of the League for Industrial Democracy or workers in a Brooklyn labor hall. Always towards the end of his speech he reveals the larger purposes behind the immediate program which he has developed. Always there is a glimpse of what Santayana has called "the inward landscape." Then Vladeck is at his brilliant best. Then you can see men and women stirred beyond all consideration of hours and wages and the bread and butter things, dreaming themselves, with the eloquence of the speaker, into a spacious, freedom-breathing world.

In debate he is devastating. In his last campaign he proposed an intelligence test for Congressional candidates and submitted to his opponents a series of questions on economic subjects from which they very wisely fled.

During a discussion of radical tactics held at a conference some years ago, a Communist spokesman, after making his usual attack upon the Socialists, said that what this country needed was a group of paid revolutionists who should devote all their time to the making of a new American Revolution.

Vladeck when it came his turn to speak, uncoiled himself and said: "The gentleman forgets that there is, after all, some difference between Russia and the United States. Over there we revolutionists had a mighty mass of class-conscious workers and peasants among whom we could make our propaganda. Here where the workers and peasants are alike imbued with a bourgeois philosophy, there is nothing left for your professional revolutionists to practice upon except the Socialist Party."

And the professional Communists lose no opportunity to practice upon B. Charney Vladeck. Rarely does an issue of their paper, *The Daily Worker*, appear without some scathing reference to *The Forward* and its business manager. The mere mention of the name Vladeck is a trigger that sets off fireworks of

hatred from the Communist leaders. The early history of the man had led them to expect that he would be heart and soul with them in their catastrophic gesturings, and here he is talking such "middle-class" methods as education and political action.

VLADECK'S boss, Abraham Cahan, editor of *The Forward*, once wrote a novel, and a grand good book it was, called *The Rise of David Levinsky*. In it he traced the rise of a young Jewish immigrant to material success in New York. A novel could be written with Vladeck as its central character and with not only material success, for Vladeck has achieved that, but with spiritual success as well, at its conclusion. In spite of the fact that just now many of the causes and movements with which he is connected seem to be in the doldrums, Vladeck gives you the sense of a man who knows where he is going and how to get there. He gives confidence to his followers. You come away from a speech of his convinced of the logic of its premises and that here is a man with feet firmly planted on the American soil for all his foreign upbringing, a man who may, after all, have the social compass that will show the right way out.

The first chapters of our Vladeck novel would take us to the tiny village of Dookorah, near Minsk in Northwest Russia where Charney was born on a bitter cold January day in 1886. His father died when he was but two years old, leaving his mother to care for the family of six children. She was a store-keeper and it was a small store and a large family, but she was resolved to give her children the best of religious educations. "So we lived on baked potatoes and cereals and the Hebrew prophets and the Talmud," says Vladeck. Those were the days when revolution was in the air. It drifted through the windows of the Minsk Academy and laid its red hand on the heart of the fifteen-year-old boy. It was then that he made the first of his life-long series of speeches against tyranny and began attending underground meetings in obscure, working-class side-streets.

BY the time he was eighteen, the police had become sufficiently interested in his activities to march him off to jail, where he spent the next eight months as a political prisoner. He came out a veteran revolutionist, resolved to devote his entire time and all his young energies to the cause. For a year he spoke for the Social Democrats in industrial cities and small towns until the police again caught up with him. In Vilna in May, 1905, he was once more arrested and jailed, this time for six months. When he was not in jail he was hounded by the Secret Police and the Cossacks and was several times severely beaten. On the whole, as he looks back on it, Vladeck thinks he received better treatment inside jail than outside. For the politicals were a proud lot, segregated from the

other prisoners and treated courteously by the officials. Once Vladeck led a hunger strike of six days' duration because one of his fellow politicals was not asked to sit down by the keeper of the jail when he was brought to that worthy's office. This so enraged Vladeck and the others that they would take no food or water until the keeper had apologized. But it also had its lasting effect upon Vladeck's rather frail constitution, for he still suffers from stomach trouble caused, the physicians say, by that long fast.

How did they live, these professional revolutionists, who went about among the people stirring up trouble? Well, for one thing, they had friends among the peasants and workers almost everywhere who would give them food and lodging and a bit of money to take them to the next town. They shared and shared alike, but today few of them can tell you how it was they managed to survive. They traveled under aliases, constantly feeling the sinister shadows of the Czar's police over their shoulders. They spoke to little groups leaning desperately on their words in dingy holes-in-the-wall. They read and wrote grandiloquent manifestoes against czarism and capitalism. At times in their despairing moments it must have seemed to them as though no yeast so small could leaven the great lump on which they worked. But out of them was made the revolution that swept capitalism off one-sixth of the earth.

Of course there were purple patches. There were two thrilling days for Vladeck, fighting on the barricades in the streets of Lodz in Poland. And there was that history-making conference in a little church in the poplar district of London, where after a month's discussion Lenin and his Bolsheviks won the dispute over tactics with Plekhanov and his Mensheviks. There Vladeck came into daily contact with all his revolutionary heroes—Lenin, for whom, by the way, he voted at that time, Trotzky, Martov, Axelrod, and other outstanding Social Democrats.

AFTER the crushing of the 1905 revolution, the chances for any sort of effective agitational work became less and less. Vladeck's brother in America wrote to him urging him to come overseas and in 1908, aided by a man who is now a member of the Soviet's Gosplan, Vladeck took boat and settled in Philadelphia. For awhile he lectured for the Jewish Socialist movement here. He came to know and love Gene Debs and the other leaders of the American movement. "The picture of Gene Debs was on the walls of our working people," says Vladeck, "alongside those of Sir Moses Montefiore, the Rabbi of Lubawich, 'Goan of Vilna' and others of their heroes. For them Debs was the liberator, the first who had come from the ranks of the American workers, holding out his hand and saying, 'I am your brother.' They had respect and admiration for radicals of their own race. But

they worshipped Debs." Vladeck kept in constant touch with Debs when the latter was in jail, and to this day he has not forgotten the significance or the promise of Debs's peculiarly American type of Socialism.

He became manager of the Philadelphia edition of *The Forward* and studied at the University of Pennsylvania. He came on to New York to take the city-editorship of *The Forward* and in the campaign of the autumn of 1917, two years after he obtained his citizenship papers, he was elected alderman. They had to "gerrymander" his district finally to defeat him for he won by large majorities over his old-line opponents running on fusion tickets.

WHEN Vladeck today is not doing about every job that there is on a newspaper from the editorial to the advertising office and back, when he isn't heading what must seem to him endless drives for funds for the Socialist Party, for tools for the "de-classed" Jews in Russia, for this cause and that ranging all the way from Pioneer Youth to the League for Industrial Democracy, when he isn't making speeches in the Middle West or the Lower East Side, he is out with his family consisting of three children and his wife watching the ways of the people who make up this fantastic America. He loves to read, and no Vladeck vacation can begin without the packing of from ten to fifteen books; but he has a distrust of mere "book-larnin'."

"Nothing that is going to live can be built up on books," he says. "I keep away from people whose only idea of a social movement is something written down in a book of rules. The theoreticians who never go out-doors have been the curse of the radical movement in America. Life comes from a study of life. If radicalism is ever to succeed in this country, the radicals must know from their day-to-day contacts what the people are thinking and feeling and hoping. I know some radical speakers who always make the same speeches no matter what the occasion or the audience. The movement has become a formalized religion for them—something that you devote one day a week to—but not a way of life itself."

Whether or not his earlier radicalism has been modified by his contacts with the realities of the American business and political world, it can truthfully be said of Charney Vladeck that he is never guilty of making "set" speeches or uttering the hackneyed phrases of so many left-wingers. He loathes a cliché as much as he despises demagoguery. With all his romantic beginnings, realities alone interest him. He wants to get ahead himself but he wants the rank and file to come along with him. At forty-five, B. Charney Vladeck may not be the colorful, flaming personality that leveled a rifle over the barricades at Lodz, but he is someone very much to be reckoned with in any roll-call of American radicals.

Not in the Headlines

Socialism in Action

Public building projects costing 453 million dollars have recently been completed, or are in process of erection by the Federal Government, according to a report issued by President Hoover.

Jim-Crowing Negro Women

The War Department has announced that on this year's pilgrimage to France, as on last year's, Negro Gold Star mothers and widows will be sent to Europe on separate steamships.

Bring Your Own Ponies

The Harvard Polo Association announces that the War Department will no longer be able to place army ponies at the disposal of its members, due to the program of retrenchment necessitated by reduced appropriations for this purpose.

Boys Earn Twice as Much

The combined annual earnings of boys between the age of fourteen and eighteen in the United States, who are not attending school reaches the sum of five billion dollars, or twice the cost of all public education in this country, asserts the Federal Office of Education.

Not a Solution

Revenues of the railroads in the United States have been shrinking, losses for the current year being considerably greater than those of 1930 and 1929. The New York Central, which is considered a road of exceptional strength, failed to earn its fixed charges in the first quarter of the calendar year. In its discussion of the plight of the railroads, the Commercial and Financial Chronicle offers two solutions: an advance in freight rates or the lowering of wage scales.

No Admittance

The Federal Circuit Court of Appeals sitting in New Orleans recently upheld the decision of a lower court in the Texas White Primary case. This case, known as the Enabling Act, was passed by the state legislature. It empowers party committees to exclude Negroes from membership and thus from the privilege of voting in the primary elections. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People plans to appeal the decision to the United States Supreme Court.

Appealing to the Governor

Thirty-three American authors headed by Sinclair Lewis have joined in a telegraphic appeal to Governor James Rolph, Jr., of California, urging him to give prompt consideration to the new pardon application of Tom Mooney, now serving a life sentence in San Quentin Penitentiary in connection with the Preparedness Day bombing in San Francisco in 1916. They express the belief that Mooney and Warren Billings are innocent and that they were convicted on perjured testimony. Among the signers of the telegram are: John Erskine, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, John Palmer Gavit, Fannie Hurst, Will Irwin, H. L. Mencken, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Mary Austin, William Allen White, and other well known writers.

Racial Inter-marriage

Inter-marriage between the white and yellow races would eventually produce a superior stock. This opinion was expressed by Dr. Charles Hill-Tout in an address before the Royal Society of Canada.

In the Name of the League

The Council of the League of Nations has appointed its Acting President as official representative at the unveiling of a monument to Stresemann. Thus Dr. Curtius will speak on this occasion not in his capacity of German Foreign Minister but "in the name of the League of Nations."

The Crime of Pacifism

After an adverse judgment by the Supreme Court of Brno, Czecho-Slovakia, Premysl Pitter, a pacifist leader, served two months' imprisonment for "incitement to mass transgression of the conscription law" and an additional three months for sending letters to war resisters in prison and thus encouraging them to persevere in their "criminal deed."

The Most Powerful 2,000

That the 200 largest American corporations control between 35 and 45 per cent of all business wealth—excluding from business wealth that of government, agriculture and the professions—was recently estimated by Gardiner C. Means in the *American Economic Review*. Less than 2,000 men were directors of these 200 largest corporations in 1927, and since many of these directors were inactive, nearly half of the business wealth of this country was controlled by a few hundred men.

Great Britain's Dole System

An unbiased analysis of the British "dole" system has recently been completed by the Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc. in which it is pointed out that despite its admittedly high cost, unemployment insurance represents little more than 10 per cent of the total cost of Great Britain's social services, which in 1927-28 amounted to \$1.9 billions. During the same fiscal year \$2.7 billions—over 30 per cent more—were spent on obligations arising from past wars and preparing for future wars.

A Protest from Santo Domingo

The Latin American office of the Fellowship of Reconciliation has recently sent two protests to the Secretary of State. The first relates to the loan which the present Dominican Republic is seeking and for which approval of the United States Government is necessary. Liberals in Santo Domingo feel that the welfare of the Republic will best be served by the disapproval of any loan to the present government. The second protest concerns the presence of Major Thomas E. Watson of the United States Marine Corps who has been honored with the post of Naval Attaché to the United States legation. The protest has to do not with his personal character or ability, but with the fact that his presence seems to imply the endorsement by the United States of a military dictator in Santo Domingo against whose rule serious accusations of violence, assassinations, and corruption have been brought.

Military Drill Made Optional

Students with conscientious scruples against military training are no longer required to take drill at the Oregon State Agricultural College.

The Usual Victims

Farm prices on June 15th had dropped to the lowest level since 1910 and were 80 per cent of the pre-war level, according to a report from the Department of Agriculture.

Federal Bar Retains Negroes

The Federal Bar Association of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, at a recent meeting, defied an ultimatum from the national organization that the New York group eliminate its four Negro lawyers who are now members.

Twenty-five Per

The average earning of employees of manufacturing industries in the United States during 1930 was \$25.43 per week, according to an estimate of the Illinois Department of Labor. This figure does not include the 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 unemployed.

More Records Fall

The number of commercial failures in the United States during April was the largest ever reported for that month, and the number for the first four months of this year surpassed all previous figures. The liabilities for the quarter were 78 per cent in excess of 1930, and 69 per cent ahead of the hitherto record year of 1924, according to the *Nation's Business*.

Worry Worries Insurance Companies

So alarmed are the insurance companies by the casualties produced by business anxiety and strain during this period of severe depression that they are reducing drastically the size of the maximum policy they are willing to grant to an individual. They were made more cautious by the recent death from heart failure of Walter A. Strong, publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*, whose life was insured for two million dollars.

Pooling Their Efforts

Representatives from 30 liberal organizations held an all-day session in New York early in June in order to consider ways and means of joint action for the defense of civil liberties in the United States; for the protection of aliens; for defending the rights of minority races; and for extending cooperation with all working-class movements. The Civil Liberties Union, American Jewish Congress, League to Abolish Capital Punishment, Committee on Militarism in Education, Conference for Progressive Labor Action, Fellowship of Reconciliation, League for Industrial Democracy, Methodist Federation for Social Service, N. A. A. C. P., World Peace Commission, and the W. I. L. are but a few of the organizations represented. Among the outstanding objectives of these allied groups are: liberation of Mooney and Billings and the Centralia I. W. W. prisoners; recognition of Russia by the United States; freedom for Filipinos at the next session of Congress; enactment of legislation to admit pacifists to citizenship; and the repeal of the federal law prohibiting dissemination of birth control literature.

One-Third Capacity

The Financial Chronicle reports that the steel mills of the country are now running only 36 per cent of their full capacity.

A Good Example

The Canadian Government is saving a million dollars by eliminating summer military training camps this year.

Socialism in Action

Twenty rural communities in Saskatchewan, Canada, levy taxes of \$7.00 to \$10.00 per family to engage the services of full-time physicians at annual salaries ranging from \$3,000 to \$5,000, reports the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care.

Two Billions Lost

During the first quarter of 1931 the loss to American workers from unemployment, wage-cutting, and part-time work approximated two and a half billion dollars, according to an estimate made by the American Federation of Labor.

Total Disarmament Now

The Women's Peace Union, original proposer of an amendment to the Constitution making war illegal, passed a resolution in April urging the formation of an international organization committed to "total disarmament now," with headquarters, including a bureau of information and publicity, in Geneva.

A City Honors Its Colored Population

Negro Achievement Week, sponsored by the Interracial Committee of Montclair, N. J., was observed in that city late in the spring. The program included an interracial dinner held at a Presbyterian church, an interracial vesper service held at an Episcopal church, and a display of the Harmon exhibit of Negro art at the First Baptist Church.

The Fight Against Censorship

Under the auspices of the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Council on Freedom from Censorship has been organized. The purpose of the movement is to combat the growing censorship over the stage, movies, books, newspapers, and radio, and to focus all the forces in favor of freedom from censorship. The activities of the council will be directed to: the repeal of laws providing for censorship in advance of showing and distribution; testing cases in the courts; and conducting a bureau of information and educational propaganda.

Our Lynching Record

According to a report issued by the Tuskegee Industrial Institute there were five lynchings during the first six months of 1931. This number is four less than the number for the first six months of 1930 and one more than the number for the first six months of 1929. Of the five persons lynched one was white and four were Negroes. The states in which the lynchings occurred and the number in each are as follows: Mississippi 2; Missouri 1; North Dakota 1; Tennessee 1. On the credit side of the ledger the report mentions thirty-two instances in which officers of the law prevented lynchings, four of them being in Northern and Western states, and twenty-eight in Southern states.

The Sickness of Liberal Religion

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

I

POSSIBLY the most certain fact in the present baffling religious situation is the ill-health of liberal Christianity. To be sure, many liberal Christians are inclined to exaggerate the seriousness of the indisposition. Having discovered that their cause is slowly losing ground, they do little but talk about their malady and feel their own spiritual pulse. They are enjoying ill-health. Being told that they are failing, in the fashion of our day, they are deriving painful satisfaction from their own sense of inferiority. Naturally, the gravity of the disease is increased by self-suggestion.

There is, however, considerable evidence which challenges a pessimistic diagnosis for liberal religion. The extraordinary success of Dr. Fosdick in the new Riverside Church, the magnificent university chapels at Princeton and Chicago, the growing concern of college authorities for matters religious, the wide reading of religious books and magazine articles—these and similar facts give an emphatic lie to prophecies of the impending disintegration of American liberal Protestantism. Further, if one concentrates attention on individual churches here and there, there is even greater reason for encouragement. Local congregations in many parts of the country are thriving. Membership rolls are swelling, Sunday Schools are overcrowded and new lines of work are being developed. Every symptom suggests health and normal growth. It would seem that, in the overworked phrase of Mark Twain, rumors of the church's early demise are greatly exaggerated.

But an examination of the health of the church as a whole must lead to the conclusion that liberal Christianity is slowly but decisively losing ground. Certainly that is the opinion of most intelligent outsiders, even the most friendly. Here, as at so many points, Walter Lippmann voiced the half-articulate judgment of many acute laymen. It is a common assumption that the religion of American Protestant Christianity can no longer interest or influence the most intelligent among the younger generation. The churches will continue to prove helpful to others, especially the aged or the inferior or the needy. But their power for significant leadership is suffering progressive decline.

AMONG the numerous symptoms within the life of the churches themselves, perhaps most marked is the desperate falling off in support for missions—a decline well developed before the present

business stringency began to affect general philanthropic giving. One might point also to the losses in active church enrollment in localities where general population trends are upward, or catch the temper of discouragement and unreality in all too many congregations. But even more significant is the mood of the liberal ministry. Here one detects an unmistakable note of defense, almost defeatism. One of the younger leaders in the church has recently described it thus:

The ministry seems to divide too easily into two groups—those who honestly believe that the Christian faith still has truth and power, but show little proof of it; and those who continue to profess such belief, while seeming inwardly to doubt it. Just beneath our confident exteriors lurks more uncertainty than we admit—perhaps uncertainty of the truth of our faith, certainly uncertainty of the effectiveness of our work. A note of desperation frequently speaks in our voice. In our spirit there is weariness, indecision, discouragement, perhaps something of resignation. When our guards are down and real feeling can be sensed, there is frequently a critical sharpness which is hardly distinguishable from cynicism. . . .

Another fact which must be carefully appraised is the patent decline in inner religious certainty among the rank and file of the laity—the doctors, bankers, lawyers, salesmen, and workmen who make up official boards, for instance. If a sense of the reality of prayer or of personal religious experience is any thermometer of spiritual vitality, then the condition of liberal Christianity is ominous indeed.

II

THE sickness of liberal religion is the more significant when we recognize that discouragement and defense are by no means characteristic of all the religious voices about us. There are those—and from two quite different quarters—who speak with a confidence and certainty which ring true. They claim to have a message that is clear and persuasive. Their numbers are growing. They breathe optimism. About them are many of the familiar marks of vital and prophetic spiritual movements. One thinks first of the general Humanist movement—the religious developments which have risen from the newer educational and psychological theory. But there is another contemporary tendency which, while less prominent and less self-conscious than Humanism, is not one whit less energetic or confident. In fundamental presuppositions and in method, it is almost antipodal to Humanism; its dominant temper is conservative though not Fundamentalist. One example of this

tendency is the Barthian movement in theology. Another, the more vigorous expressions of Anglo-Catholicism. Still a third is that movement of intense personal religion which throughout Europe and Africa is called the "Oxford Groups" but in America is known as "The First Century Christian Fellowship" or, more familiarly as "Buchmanism." It has recently been pointed out that, although these three types of contemporary conservatism have not recognized their common concerns and would hardly rest as contented bedfellows, they share many basic presuppositions. Certainly they hold a great deal more in common than any of them shares with traditional liberal Christianity.¹

We cannot pause to ask the meaning of the contrast between Humanism on the one hand and these conservative trends on the other. The important point is that both stand clearly outside the main stream of liberal religion and are sharply critical of it. They would regretfully agree with the most pessimistic prophecy concerning the future of the existing churches. But the prospect does not unduly worry them, for they see clearly the sources from which are to come new currents of vitality to replace those now going stagnant. The future, they are confident, belongs to them.

III

THE explanations of the illness of liberal religion, most frequently advanced in progressive circles, are two. First, liberalism is ineffective because its theology is intellectually insincere. It has never come fully to grips with the world of modern thought. The solution which promised a comfortable refuge for liberalism a decade ago—the preservation of "abiding experiences" in "changing categories"—proves increasingly unsatisfactory. After all, theological categories are supposed to represent objective realities rather than subjective experiences; it is the existence of the realities rather than the validity of the experiences which is most seriously questioned. Furthermore, the proposed solution is discovered, on careful scrutiny, to be an attempt—a forced and therefore insincere attempt—to continue outworn experiences as well as outmoded categories in a new world where neither has legitimate place.

A second explanation is that liberalism is losing ground because it is ethically insincere. It will not—indeed, cannot—face the unchristian structure of its own society. It professes an absolute ethic which it dare not apply to its own life, let alone the social milieu in which it is enmeshed. Liberal Christianity is still preoccupied with the private virtues of its Puritan forebears in a day when the pressing need is for public and social righteousness.

NO one familiar with the inner life of liberal religion would challenge the importance of these two charges as statements of fact. Their value as explanations of the contemporary *malaise* is not so certain. Those liberal thinkers and churches that have most thoroughly come to terms with modern thought are not always convincing evidence for the position. Not always are they and those whom they influence stamped with the marks of vital religion. Nor is it clear that those who are most fearless in the social application of the Christian ethic will save liberal religion. They do not seem to win many new adherents from *non-religious* circles; under their leadership the scope of the church's influence seems to be narrower though much more vital. Religiously, they are living on the funded reserves of an earlier evangelicalism. If it is an inevitable characteristic of true religion to give birth to new streams of life and effort and to draw within the fellowship of its loyalties the indifferent and the hostile, social Christianity can hardly be vindicated on this score. It is challenging, directing, and re-inspiring those whose original religious impulsions came from elsewhere; and its services thereby are invaluable. But in fructifying power it is deficient.

A truer interpretation of the plight of contemporary liberalism would seem to be this: The religion of the past generation (which is still predominantly the religion of the present liberal churches) was not inheritable. In any event, it was not transmitted. The religion of our fathers was inherited by them from their fathers; it was transmitted by contagion, by those subtle but familiar processes through which any great body of conviction and experience is made real to others and becomes part of their personal possession. In greater or less measure, it made good its claim to their loyalties, was ingrafted into their inner experience and became part of the fabric of their life. But the same process of transmission did not continue. To a very considerable degree the religion of the past generation still satisfies the spiritual needs of those whose youth was fed upon its early and confident vitality. With few exceptions it has failed to take root in the spiritual experience of their children. Many fine laymen carry forward "their parents' interests." But they are their parents' interests, not theirs. Church boards and religious organizations are cluttered with second-hand Christians—men and women whose support is earnest but uninspired. Many family pews are maintained and given intermittent occupancy. But it is more like reverence due a beautiful memory than participation in a living and significant present experience. Where children are still sent to Sunday School, or grace is still repeated before meals, or—rare phenomenon in our day!—there is some pretense at family worship, it is the performance of exercises which once had meaning and therefore ought to be continued.

¹ I have tried to develop this point in an article in the *Student World* for January, 1931, from which some of the above is taken.

Yet these practices were the very power-center of liberal religion. We are viewing a re-enactment of the story so familiar in the history of religion: a once living ritual has become a repetition of rote. The next stage is death and discontinuance.

The liberal religion of the churches, as a living and significant force, had its roots deeply implanted in one source—in the great evangelistic enthusiasms of the later Nineteenth Century—notably the Moody-Sankey revivals and similar movements which in turn drew their power from the Evangelical Revival. Thence flowed the spiritual currents that furnished the driving force for the American Church in its immense missionary, philanthropic, and social undertakings as well as in its cultivation of personal religion. Those currents have spent their force. They can no longer support the organisms to which they gave birth. The original springs have dried up or become stagnant. No new sources of power have developed to replace them. Liberal religion, accordingly, has reached the climax of its strength and can no longer hold its own.

IV

WHAT of the future? Is there hope for the return to health of the ailing patient, and if so, what are the conditions for recovery? Bearing in mind our diagnosis that failing health springs from loss of contact with the vital springs of creative energy, three suggestions may be offered:

(a) Liberal religion must recover conviction of the *primacy of religion in life*. Of late years it has been quite content to take its place as *one* among the interests of life—parallel to art or politics or literature or scientific research. Frequently it has been represented as something added on to the normal experience of life to make it more beautiful or more comforting or more happy; or, it may be, more exacting, more uncomfortable, more difficult. One may become interested in it if he choose; he need feel no compunction to do so, for life is very full and very satisfying without religion. "Religion has become an elective in the university of life."

More and more the liberal churches have tacitly accepted this incidental status for religion. No choice was left them; contemporary thought has increasingly catalogued religion as one of the avocational concerns of life. Liberalism has bowed a polite acquiescence, and in so doing it has acknowledged the ultimate demise of religion. For every reflective person, even the least religious, knows that this solution is unreal. For one thing, it is logically untenable. If there be a God in this Universe at all, it is as obvious as the nose on one's face that he must be the one primal and supremely significant fact in that Universe—the fact in relation to which all else must be oriented and given its significance. If religion, as faith in the meaning and ultimate destiny of life, is valid at all, it

is clear that it must be life's first and final concern. And it must hold that primacy in one's loyalties as well as one's convictions.

(b) Liberal religion must recover recognition of *the priority of God in experience*. Taking its cue from what it regarded as proper scientific procedure, the apologetic of liberalism has been inductive. Its method has been to clear the mind of all convictions or assumptions, start from scratch, assemble the evidence, painfully erect it into a reasoned structure and, it may be, at the end of this arduous procedure, arrive at a tentative conviction of the probability of God. Doubt everything and, if you are able, establish the fact of God by logical argument. Now this procedure has the disadvantage that the average seeker has neither the equipment nor the perseverance to pursue his quest to its goal. It has the added disadvantage that, even in the hands of the most skilled apologist, it seldom leads to the God of religion. It may encourage the conviction that God is; it does not induce an acquaintance with him.

This inductive approach to belief in God fails, moreover, because it is intellectually invalid. It puts the cart before the horse. Here, again, the logic of the matter points the way. If there be a God at all, he must be not merely the primal fact in the Universe, but the prior reality in all our experience. And vital religion is on the right track in attributing to him the initiative in our supremely significant experiences. God cannot be achieved as the last term of an arduous intellectual inquiry. He must be recognized as present all along—in the world which gives us birth, in our knowing of that world, and especially in those rich and deep insights into reality which give us some foretaste of what it lies within our life to come. If he is at all, he is "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet"—one without whose prior love we should never have known what it means to love.

SPACE forbids the working out of this suggestion—so uncongenial to most contemporary thinking. A beginning has been made by a number of modern thinkers, notably by the late Baron Von Hugel. As one contacts with living religious thought in Europe at the present time, nothing is more impressive than Von Hugel's influence. It is hardly too much to say that single-handed he has saved liberal religion from sterility and defeat. And the burden of his message to American liberalism would seem to be at this point that we must give over trying to prove God by heated argument, and set ourselves to discover him as the implicate of our undeniably real experience. As we do so, he is no longer a guest whom we admit into our world of thought, rather tentatively and after rigorous scrutiny. He is the source of the life of which we ourselves partake, through whose courtesy we are admitted into the knowledge of him, and of

our world and of all things worth knowing. That is the religious attitude. Only in that attitude can God be made sure of.

(c) Liberal religion must rediscover *the true relation between religious vitality and ethical creativity*. Here liberalism must acknowledge its greatest and most lamentable debt to Kant and the streams of influence which have flowed through the thought of the Nineteenth Century from his philosophy. It has contended that the way to religion was through ethical endeavor; through the recognition of the dictates of the categorical moral imperative. Conscience was the doorway to God. Now this is to reverse the true relation of religion and ethics. Vital religion, by its very nature fecund, germinative, creative, can and should give birth to ethics. Ethics cannot give birth to religion. The function of religion is to stir to life the latent creative energies, the incipient idealistic urges within human nature; the task of ethics is to give those superabundant energies intelligent and constructive direction. Professor Hocking says: "The work of religion is a perpetual parentage; the status of the Arts is a perpetual dependence." Far more is this the status of ethical idealism. It is no wonder that liberal Christianity, relying upon a more meticu-

lous ethical devotion for the renewal of its vitality, has gone sterile and impotent.

It is a patent misreading of the facts to contend that religion takes its rise in the ethical consciousness, in a sense of right and wrong. Study of primitive religion disproves such an interpretation. But we need not instance primitive religion; we need only turn to the birth of religion in the soul of the child. For the religion of the child does not begin in the sense of right and wrong; it is brought to birth by the gift of love, devotion, sympathy, sacrifice, faith from another. The God whom childhood knows does not speak through a voice within, but through a person without. And the ethical consciousness is the glad return of the child's soul to the trust, the love, the high expectation of another. Religion begins, not in the awakening to something within myself, but in a spontaneous response to someone outside myself. What religion is at its first birth, it continues to be in its final maturity. Always its central reference is beyond self. In terms of its impact upon me, it speaks not through the compulsion of obligation, but through the persuasion of love. And, in terms of my response, it is not the doing of something because I ought, but the gift of self because I must.

War Debts and Armaments

COUNT EBERHARD WESTARP

THE opinion is sometimes advanced that European countries would use the money saved through reduction or cancellation of war debts (including the German reparations) for further armaments which would increase the war danger, and that the United States should therefore insist on the continuation of the debt payments simply for pacific reasons, regardless of whether or not such payments threaten the world's business.

While it is true that the wealth of a nation does have some influence on its armament, the situation is not so simple as it sounds. In order to realize what the war debts (always including German reparations) mean to the various European nations—omitting the small countries and their payments—we must bear in mind what the great powers receive and what they are required to pay. In round numbers, these payments during the lifetime of the Young Plan (in millions of dollars) are as follows:

	Receives	Pays	Balance
Germany		473	
Great Britain	181	160	21
Italy	50	35	15
Belgium	27	7	20
France	250	100	150

Obviously if all war debts were cancelled the only country to profit directly would be Germany; France and Belgium would suffer considerable loss, though for Great Britain and Italy it would mean no important change. In other words, the only nation that would be in position to increase its armaments by reason of this changed financial situation would be Germany.

Germany, however, is limited by the terms of the Peace Treaty to a small army of 100,000 men. Even if this clause of the Versailles Treaty were to be modified, which is improbable, Germany's armaments would hardly be a menace to European peace. In the first place, she needs the money more than any other country in the world to rebuild her economic structure; second, to increase German armaments (and correspondingly decrease that of France) would reduce the difference between Germany and her neighbors, thus making war far more risky and, therefore, less probable. France, on the other hand, is in position to increase her military hegemony not only by means of new armaments, but through her reserves. Every year she releases men from the regular army to the reserve, in this way establishing a reservoir of well-trained soldiers such as no other country possesses.

There are only two countries in Europe with a con-

siderable credit balance on the war debts account that is available for armaments, viz., France and Belgium. And they use it! Who does not know that both these countries are constantly increasing their armies and their war equipment, that they are constructing a powerful line of fortifications from the Channel to the Mediterranean—a modern Chinese Wall—at an expense of more than \$100,000,000? What purpose do these fortifications serve? Does anyone believe that they are designed merely to protect the strongest army in the world against the “invasion” of a German army which, after the deduction of troops necessary for other frontiers, would be far less than 100,000 men—an army without heavy artillery, tanks, or airplanes? Furthermore the World War demonstrated how soon fixed fortifications become obsolete. For what time, therefore, are these French and Belgian fortifications built?

IT may be argued that European land armaments have only an indirect interest in this country. But the building of strong navies is certainly of the greatest concern to the United States. France is not a party to the London naval agreement, and it is doubtful whether she will ever consent to a program restricting her ship-building for more than a few years unless her hegemony on the ocean is established. The figures of the recent Franco-Italian settlement and its later deadlock have demonstrated this clearly. If France holds to her theory regarding replacement of obsolete vessels, England is forced to apply the so-called escalator clause. And what will America do then? Obviously the way France uses her reparation money is a matter of very great concern to the people of the United States.

Furthermore, French money is not used solely for armaments at home. It is a well known fact that France extends international credit only for the purpose of political or military advantage. This was indicated by the recent Italian loan negotiations. It was also proved by the French offer of credit to Belgium, a country which needs money—in spite of the reparation surplus!—for her vast armament program the current year. It is well known that a certain group in the Belgian parliament has opposed such a loan, because it would make the country a military dependent of France in case of war. Moreover those who followed the latest British-French negotiations realize that France received English backing in certain international problems. This furnished support to the rumor that England has made certain concessions to France in regard to the next disarmament conference, as the Labourite, G. W. Knight, has stated. Although this has been denied, the fact remains that where there is smoke there is usually also a fire. Examples similar to these could be cited with reference to countries in Eastern and Southeastern Europe as well.

UNQUESTIONABLY France will object to a new war debt settlement and to genuine disarmament because by means of reparations she obtains the money to establish her European supremacy, both economic and military, to create an army and, later on, a navy second to none. The Franco-Italian naval agreement—if it goes through—must be viewed from this same standpoint. Building will be stopped only a certain period of time, during which France can bring her land and air armaments up to the strength she wishes them to reach. England meanwhile has to support France in both efforts, for if she does not, France draws gold from the Bank of England or accelerates her shipbuilding to a speed dangerous to Great Britain. Will England likewise support France in the next disarmament conference?

So long as France, as the result of the profits from reparations and war debts, is financially the most powerful nation in Europe and continues to grow stronger each year, the chances for world peace with actual disarmament are slim. Is it correct, then, to say that a cancellation or a reduction of war debts would endanger European peace? The reverse would seem to be the inescapable conclusion.

To the Will

THIS body, finite, will be at an end.
This will,
Grown dull, in time will cease to bend
The flesh. Now—let it not be still.

This body, its threescore years and ten
Come to a conclusion,
Will set before the eyes of men
A willful flesh-illusion.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

My House

KEEP off the grass, this is my house and lawn!
Saw you not the sign on yonder post,
Large-lettered and meaningful, to the sordid host
Who have traversed this street since early yester-dawn
In droves, they come—unlovely alley spawn
Of serfdom; unlettered, living flesh, at most—
I fear them as I fear the lethal coast
Of Stygian dusk, or a black cat's unholy yawn!

Yes, sir, my forebears rode in the proud Mayflower
Away from the terrors of tradition, bound
For a new world's heritage and the freedom's bowen
Of plenty. Then must I see the land they found
Submerged in the welter? No, they may peep; they
may pass—

But they shall not pasture on my nice, green grass.

ORVILLE WILLIS JONES

An American Negro in South Africa

FRANK B. LENZ

TO the man in the street, South Africa means diamonds and gold, Boers and British, black men and witch doctors. But to the man on the inside, South Africa presents an entirely different picture. He knows that the country is passing through a period of doubt, of questioning, of hesitation. Politically there is a Union, but unity has not been achieved. All is not well with the relationships between the Union and Great Britain. Economically much is to be desired, for while the natural resources of the land are practically exhausted, its agricultural wealth is undeveloped and industry is still in its infancy.

Behind these problems looms another and even more ominous factor. One word describes it: *fear*. Jan H. Hofmeyr, the young South African statesman, graphically describes it in these words: "A generation ago men gave little thought to the problem of the relations between white man and black. The military power of the Bantu had been broken, he had been forced into subjection, he was giving his labour with docility and submission; consequently the Europeans could devote all their attention to disputes among themselves. But in our day the man in the street or on the farm has become alive to the existence of a native problem. . . . As he considers the advance of the black man, his thoughts are thoughts of fear—fear not of being overwhelmed physically but fear lest his position should be undermined in far more subtle ways. He fears the penetration of the low-paid native into his economic sphere. He fears the growth of native political rights and the possibility that in time numbers will tell in the government of South Africa. He fears, above all, that native development will lead to social equality, to race-mixture, to the drowning of the white man in a black ocean."

The chief cause of this fear is that the native population of South Africa has in less than two generations been lifted out of primitive conditions and geared up to the maelstrom of our modern civilization. Stunned by the suddenness of the transition as well as by many startling aspects of their new environment, the natives today are a conquered and economically dependent mass, very nearly a proletariat.

In South Africa where 1,500,000 permanently domiciled whites (of British and Dutch ancestry) live in close contact with 5,000,000 blacks, the fundamental issue is whether the policy of the European in regard to the natives is to be one of repression or one of co-operation. Are the Bantu people to be exploited for the economic advantage of the white race or will the

latter recognize its responsibility to guide and assist them to the highest development of which they are capable?

LET us examine briefly the conditions under which the natives live. The material civilization has been built up almost entirely by unskilled labor working at a bare subsistence wage. A white miner works for \$5.00 a day, while the average native miner earns about \$5.00 a week. Native labor builds the roads and railroads, digs the mines, cultivates the farms, unloads the ships and trains, runs errands, performs domestic service, excavates sewers, and erects modern buildings in the cities. The cost of living has gone up about ninety per cent since 1914, while native wages have risen only five per cent. These wages are in most cases insufficient for food and the barest necessities of life. Under these circumstances, the unrest and bitterness which the natives manifest toward the governing class are not at all surprising.

Poverty is due not only to low wages but even more to frightful congestion. Conditions on the land have become so unbearable that the natives are forced into the urban centers, where they find themselves in competition with the poor whites. The latter demand protection, and repressive legislation is the result. The Color Bar Act, under which any field of industry may be declared a white preserve; the Transvaal Motor Ordinance which makes it illegal for any native to drive a motor car in which a European is riding; the Civilized Labor Policy which bars various enterprises to blacks and also removes natives to make room for whites are examples of this type of legislation. Railways, which formerly employed natives as porters, now employ only whites. The Postal Service is likewise displacing natives with whites.

THE social difficulties are for the native as serious as the economic. Vast numbers of men are separated from their families for the greater part of each year. Social contacts between natives and whites are of such a nature as to breed only bitterness. Everywhere there is segregation of the black man. In the post office, bank, railway station, and in all public buildings he must seek separate service and often ungracious, inferior accommodation. Even highly educated natives are subjected to injustice and indignity.

As for education—in spite of the coöperation of missionary societies, which are bearing a considerable part of the burden that rightly belongs to the government,

existing facilities are inadequate. Less than fifty per cent of the native population of school age is in school. Only twenty per cent of the Union's entire revenue from direct taxation is devoted to native welfare including education.

Political difficulties are due largely to the fact that the native is always the victim under class legislation. Native land, for example, has been protected by special laws; the native has been protected against himself and against the liquor trade; he has been restricted in the possession of firearms. Especially serious is the native's resentment against the Pass Laws which limit his movements, subject him to annoyance at the hands of the police, compel him to be off the streets after nine o'clock, and cause his imprisonment for appearing without a pass.

DARK as the picture appears, the situation is not altogether hopeless, for certain constructive forces are at work. Among these are: (1) The missionary enterprise which has helped to make it easier for the African to commend himself to the Europeans; (2) self-improvement among Africans themselves which is being constantly demonstrated through their own initiative; (3) the efforts of the inter-racial commission which is trying to bear witness to the truth that all personality ought to be respected; (4) the work of Max Yergan among students and teachers.

No one is better qualified to discuss the perplexing problems which confront South Africa than Max Yergan, brilliant young American Negro, who recently returned from ten years of intimate contact with that part of the world. After graduating with honors from Shaw University, Mr. Yergan prepared to take up the study of law. Challenged by the Young Men's Christian Association to a life of service, he reversed his plans and entered Springfield College for special graduate training. In 1916 came a call to serve the native troops in India. Later he was transferred to East Africa with a detachment of Indian troops. Repeated attacks of African fever failed to cool his ardor and enthusiasm for his work. Even though invalided home after two and a half years, he served as chaplain at Camp Lee and was later sent to France where he did special work among the colored units of the Expeditionary Army.

The end of the war found Yergan with a consuming desire to serve his own people in South Africa, and he finally persuaded the International Committee of the "Y" to send him forth. But he was not wanted in South Africa by the government. His reception was cool, and the police honored him by keeping a record of his movements. They feared that he would incite the natives to radicalism.

I can best picture Max Yergan by relating an incident which is typical of many growing out of his work.

He recalled it when I asked him, "How does it feel to be immersed in the race problem?"

"I live, move, and have my being in an inter-racial atmosphere," he replied.

"Some time ago, for example, I was traveling by train to Cape Town. I was in a small compartment by myself, due to the regulations which prohibit whites and blacks from mingling, and I was settled for two or three days of reading. On the second morning at a junction where the train makes a long halt, someone who knew me asked if I would come to his compartment for a talk. I found there a merchant, a student, and a Boer farmer from the Orange Free State. I tried to make the conversation general—to talk about other things besides race—but the effort was hopeless. Before I knew it, I found myself in the midst of a discussion which occupied the entire day and most of the night. But it was worth it. These three men were not only led to see the race question in a new and more reasonable light, but they were helped to see life from a different point of view."

Although Yergan modestly disclaims credit for his accomplishments, his work has been exceedingly effective. During the past few years he has done three things supremely well. He has established thirty-four Christian Associations, which minister to the personal, spiritual, and social lives of some three thousand students; he has given hundreds of youths opportunities for practical social service, and he has established friendly relations between whites and Africans who have studied in separate institutions and consequently had no opportunity for contact with each other.

His crowning achievement took place last year. What man said could not be done, he did. He brought together for the first time in the history of South Africa three hundred and fifty white and black students in a memorable Bantu European Student Christian Conference at Fort Hare in the Cape Province. To those who know the race situation in that part of the world this feat was nothing short of a miracle. The delegates lived together in the same building, ate at the same tables, studied together, worked and played together and—*there were no race riots*. The conference was held in the new Y. M. C. A. building, erected with funds which had been secured almost single-handed by Yergan in America. All who participated in this memorable gathering felt that a new day had dawned in the history of race relations in South Africa.

Bolshevism with its class warfare and world revolution offers force, hate, and violence as the way out. Christianity with its world brotherhood offers love, co-operation and sacrifice as the solvent. Max Yergan has set in motion a force that transcends national and racial boundaries, a force that is destined to play an increasingly vital part in the solution of the critical problems now facing the peoples of South Africa.

Findings

"Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it."—Emerson.

Self-Defense?

It is not likely that our country will get into a war with any of its neighbors, and therefore the next war, like the last one, will probably be an overseas campaign, requiring transport.—*Captain George W. Steele, in an address at the American Club of Paris, April 30, 1931.*

Peace Monuments

And when will all memorials be knocked down and peace monuments raised in their stead? . . . And who will take up a wager that in time to come soldiers' monuments will be replaced by monuments to pacifists?—*William J. Robinson, in the Critic and Guide, May 1931.*

And Now the Deluge

I imagine that future generations will ponder in amazement and amusement over the revelations of the ancient records of our time, revealing us in part as a nation of money-mad gamblers, untrained in the dangerous game we were playing, blindly following inflated men whom we believed to be great, and neither hearing nor heeding the voices of the few seers that were crying in the wilderness.—*Magnes W. Alexander, in an address to the National Metal Trades Association, April 15, 1931.*

Senator Moses Warns the D. A. R.

Here in this city will be found the headquarters of more than one organization whose purpose it is to render the United States wholly defenseless except from the panoply which virtue provides. The officers of those organizations are as alert as they are fanatical, as plausible as they are impudent, and far more effective than either their cause or their number warrants . . . for those impudent spokesmen who haunt the committee rooms of Congress and who inundate the desks of Senators and Representatives with stimulated telegrams, letters and petitions, I can find no words sufficient to express my abhorrence of them and their methods.—*Senator Moses, in the United States Daily, April 25, 1931.*

Socialism in Action

The City of Vienna is not only the greatest landlord of the municipality but is the best landlord. To get an apartment in a municipal tenement is the dream of every one of limited income, because the city apartment houses have been built not only for economy and modern taste, but for beauty, comfort and civilized living as well. . . . The Viennese housing scheme whereby some forty thousand people already live in houses like palaces at rentals which are below what dwellers in the Bronx pay for the poorest apartments would have been quite out of the question if the buildings had been put up on a commercial basis, either privately or by the municipality. The tenant in these houses pays only for their upkeep. He pays nothing as interest on the investment or for amortization. He merely keeps the house where he lives in good repair.—*Dorothy Thompson, in the New York Herald Tribune, May 17, 1931.*

Calling Mr. J. Hamilton Fish!

I am one of those who believe that free speech and a free press include the right to speak and to publish those things which I do not like and in which I utterly disbelieve, as well as those things I do like and in which I do believe.—*Senator Borah, in a Radio Interview, May 26, 1931.*

Why?

In no other country is there to be found any financial phenomenon to compare with the bank failures which began to assume large proportions in this country with the collapse of the post-war boom in 1920 and which are still going on without any present prospect of abatement. The 6,500 failures of this period have tied up between two and three billion dollars of deposits, and have caused untold distress and loss to more than five million depositors.—*J. M. Daiger, in Harpers, April, 1931.*

"The Whole World for the Americans"

The world will one day witness a great outburst of Yankee truculence in every sector of our planet. The historian of the future will inscribe in his books: The famous crisis of 1930-193—was a turning-point in the whole history of the United States in that it evoked such a reorientation of spiritual and political aims that the old Monroe Doctrine, "America for the Americans," came to be superseded by a new doctrine, "The Whole World for the Americans."—*Leon Trotsky, in The Living Age, May, 1931.*

From a Former Ambassador to Japan

We believe that our own country is too honorable to seize without right the property of others. The only kind of internationalism for which I have any use—if it can be called internationalism—is that breadth and clarity of mind which is willing to recognize in other civilized nations the same instinct for fair and honorable dealing which we have ourselves. The moral standards of a nation like Japan are as high as our own. . . . The time, I believe has passed when any nation wills war.—*Wm. R. Castle, Jr., in the United States Daily, April 23, 1931.*

Property!

Let us realize that as the property system is so will be the judicial system. So will be the legal principle that we apply. If we determine not to deceive ourselves but to understand; if in seeking to understand we build that kind of state of which Antiphon spoke when he said "I judge a state on the basis of whether in that state the Minister of Education is more important than the Minister of War" over a period long enough to give this investment in spiritual capital its chance, we may change the outlook of the people. We may teach them that they have the power as they have the right to be masters in their own house. When the people become masters in their own house for the first time in history there may be a prospect of effective justice.—*Harold J. Laski, in the L. I. D. Monthly, April 1931.*

The Book End

The World Tomorrow reviews only books which it believes, after critical evaluation, to be helpful and interesting. On rare occasions it includes unfavorable comment on a popular volume which seems sufficiently misleading to render adverse criticism imperative.

Examining American Industry

Labor and Lumber. By Charlotte Todes. International Publishers. \$2.00.

Labor and Textiles. By Robert W. Dunn and Jack Hardy. International Publishers. \$2.00.

IF there is any life left in the once virulent myth of the "new capitalism", the admirably conceived Labor and Industry series projected by the International Publishers should provide sufficient ammunition for those who would root it out entirely. Industry by industry, America is to be examined. The entire series will present a factual and, to judge from those thus far published, a terrific indictment of the inhumanity of capitalism.

In both books under consideration, a short history of the industry is followed by an analysis of the profits of the various companies, the trend toward monopolization in each field, the way the workers are made to pay for "rationalization," the ways of living in each industry—company towns, logging camps, etc.—race relations, women at work, and other personal and social data of great interest. The wages and hours of work are given so that the contrast is evident between the treatment of the workers and the treatment the owners have accorded themselves financially. The reader's attention is called to the "speed-up" system which is increasingly becoming a universal characteristic of industry. Methods of controlling the workers through company unions, welfare work, company papers, insurance, and stock ownership are described as well as the ways in which the workers have themselves tried to secure better conditions, better pay, and a larger measure of control. Finally, labor conditions in the same industry in Soviet Russia are described.

Miss Tode's book reveals a clearer understanding of the worker's life. She has lived among lumbermen and is consequently able to make her book read less like a doctoral thesis concerned chiefly with Communist propaganda. But since some of the readers of the book know a little about unions in the textile industry, it might have been well had the author admitted that the National Textile Workers Union, which is described so glowingly, is practically non-existent. In New Bedford, where it was once strong, it now has 35 members. In the South, where it secured its greatest publicity, it has practically no members. Its subservience to political maneuvering has caused the loss of its best leaders and the collapse of all its offensives. Albert Weisbord, outstanding leader of the Passaic strike, is not even mentioned in the book, because he is no longer "kosher" in the eyes of Communist leaders.

In spite of the foregoing remarks, these books are of great value to anyone concerned with industry and its problems. The criticisms of existing unions are often well and deservedly made,

and the criticisms of owners are not lacking in statistical accuracy and pointedness. In the main, the picture they paint is true, and the petty details of misrepresentation and Rotarian optimism may be overlooked.

CLARENCE SENIOR

Outrage

Massacre. A Survey of Today's American Indian. By Robert Gessner. Cape and Smith. \$3.00.

THIS book will make you "fightin' mad." It tells the story of the American Indian under the guardianship of the United States Indian Bureau and reveals a situation so cruel, so outrageous, that it makes one's blood boil. It is Gessner's first book and the publishers term it "another *Uncle Tom's Cabin*." Fortunately it is a better-informed book than Mrs. Stowe's, for it deals with facts, reports, statistics.

The conquering Anglo-Saxon has always believed that the "best Indian is a dead Indian." When the Indian protested the westward expansion of the white usurper, the War Department ordered all Indians corralled into reservations where they have since remained as prisoners and wards of the government. The Indian Bureau of the Interior Department has been in control of these poor "savages" for scores of years. The records of the most vicious colonial governors yield nothing so inhuman as this administration. Food rations are so low (12 cents a meal) that undernourishment and even starvation are common. The health situation is tragic: on some reservations the tuberculosis rate is the highest in the world, venereal disease is rampant, government doctors refuse to visit patients in their huts. Compared with the small, dark, airless cabin in which the Indian is forced to live, even the worst city tenement seems palatial. Schools are inadequate and unbelievably brutal in their discipline; child labor is common and arranged for by the Indian Bureau. The great lumber, oil, and power trusts are permitted and encouraged to rob whatever natural wealth the Indian still possesses; the utmost poverty prevails while the Indian Bureau lavishly squanders tribal funds on roads and bridges from which few Indians derive any benefit. This whole nefarious system has been sedulously concealed from the public, while elaborate propaganda of Indian health and wealth is spread throughout the country.

Continuous agitation by the friends of the Indian finally induced President Hoover to appoint a "reform administration" which was widely hailed as the savior of the Red man. No doubt Commissioner Rhoads and his assistant, Scattergood, had good intentions, but with one or two praiseworthy exceptions they have done nothing to end this unspeakable situation. In general they have whitewashed accused Indian agents or transferred offenders to other reservations, and in some cases they have betrayed the Indian worse than their predecessors.

This book is dedicated "To the first Congress that will eradicate what Lincoln seventy years ago called 'an accursed system'." Is it too much to hope that the next Congress will undertake this task?

H. C. ENGELBRECHT

Marriage

The Sex Factor in Marriage. By Dr. Helena Wright. Vanguard Press. \$2.00.

A SHORT time ago Oliver M. Butterfield published his booklet on *Marriage*. It described quite fully and frankly the biological side of that relationship. To a certain proportion of people who have been previously spoiled by neglect and repression with resultant sex complexes, this pamphlet might seem overly blunt and frank. For these Dr. Wright's book, written with the intuitive delicacy of a wife and mother as well as a physician, should prove invaluable. The author describes in successive chapters "Marriage as a Sexual Relation," "The Nature of the Sex Act," "Difficulties," "The Perfect Sex Act," "Other Practical Issues," etc. Dr. Wright says frankly: "The writer wants to give such definite and practical information that no one after reading it can any longer be ignorant of the nature of the sex-act, or fail to know exactly how it should be performed."

This volume should be in the hands of every clergyman or official who performs the marriage ceremony. It should be available to every young couple entering marriage and in every home where a perfect and harmonious relationship—physical, mental, and spiritual—has not yet been attained. We have no hesitation in saying that the book is by far the frankest and yet the most refined of any written on the subject of the sex factor in marriage. There is only one difficulty with the present edition. Although it is worth many times the two dollars charged, we wish the price were such that it could be placed within the reach of all.

SHERWOOD EDDY

Investment Racketeering

Investment Trusts Gone Wrong! By John T. Flynn. The New Republic. \$1.00.

SAVING against a rainy day in a world of widespread insecurity is economically as well as traditionally imperative for the average man. But the same average man (for whom not even savings banks are safe, as recent bank failures attest) is a babe-in-the-woods investor when confronted with the bewildering maze of present day business finance. The investment trusts, which have developed mostly within the past decade, are in theory a response to his needs. The pooled surplus funds of discreet small investors are entrusted to the wise management of the investment companies to be scattered in diversified industries as a means of distributing the risk. The small investor will then draw dividends on one security issue which embraces perhaps one hundred other issues.

Mr. Flynn approves the principle but not the practice of most investment trusts. He finds that the promoters have appropriated exorbitant fees for organization; that, by reserving to themselves the small proportion of voting shares out of the total stock issue, they have gained control in perpetuity of immense sums of money through a relatively small investment on their own part; and that they have often used this control for the purposes of buying with the participants' funds other securities which they themselves are floating. They profit twice who serve two masters.

Trust companies have been formed to buy selected issues of other trust companies, and holding companies to merge control of these—and so on *ad infinitum* on the principle of little fleas have lesser fleas. (These fleas are not so small). The Goldman Sachs Corporation, for instance, is so organized as to provide "eight separate managements all dedicated to the high purpose of managing that \$3 dividend (per share) which must pass through all these stages of ownership before it reaches an ultimate stockholder." This development of dividend-eaters "turns finance, which is supposed to be the handmaiden of industry, into a parasite that fattens on it, weakens it, and will finally utterly enervate it."

Mr. Flynn refrains from using that all-inclusive word of current vogue, racketeering, but I think it might be aptly applied. I wish, however, he had questioned the profit system itself which invites this legal, eminently respectable preying. Neither does the author discuss the problem of how to divert public savings into industries of demonstrable social worth. He proposes (1) the prohibition of intricate capital structures, of secrecy in regard to directors and purchase of securities, of "the right hand selling to the left", and (2) the limitation of management fees and the inter-purchase of stock between investment companions. The alternative of socializing banking and credit is not considered.

PAUL PORTER

The Life of Lenin

Lenin, God of the Godless. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. E. P. Dutton. \$3.75.

Lenin, Red Dictator. By George Vernadsky. Yale University Press. \$3.00.

THE twentieth century will probably produce as many biographies of Lenin as did the nineteenth century on Napoleon. Two new books have just been added to the rapidly growing collection. The Ossendowski volume is practically worthless. Not only is a violent animus evident in its every page, but fact and fiction in the conversations of Lenin are so compounded that one has not the slightest idea when the author is quoting Lenin and when he is drawing on his own imagination. The man who emerges from these pages is a ruthless, unprincipled tyrant whose motive force is a complex of various hatreds in which enmity toward the ruling classes is the organizing center. The actual relation of Lenin to the personalities and policies of the revolutionary period is hardly hinted at. It is a book to feed prejudices but not to enlighten minds.

Vernadsky's biography, although it throws little new light on the subject, is a scholarly analysis of Lenin's character, capacities, policies, and achievements. One gains a real understanding of the Russian leader and his relation to the eventful years of the revolution. The man who emerges from these pages has the fanatic devotion to a single cause which characterizes all great political leaders. He has likewise the statesman's gift for compromise and strategy. He can insist on the seemingly impossible peace with the Germans at Brest-Litovsk against the advice of practically everyone because he has on the one hand a romantic hope in the spread of a world revolution which will quickly nullify the peace, and because on the other hand he has a realistic understanding of the urgency of peace in the immediate situation. Again, he who has spent his life aiming at the impossible and who might be expected to be confirmed in his dogmatic devotion to bolshevist principle by the miracle of history which made the impossible possible, knows how to sacrifice principles and programs in his new economic policy because he recognizes the limitations of the present moment.

His leadership is achieved and maintained by the superiority of his realistic intelligence and the vigor of his will. The Russian revolution was fashioned by a small group who knew just where they were going, and of these men Lenin was the leader who was most definite about the goal and most realistic in choosing the means which would lead to it.

The story of Lenin affords the fascination one always feels when one sees the facts of history interwoven with the capacities of a single virile personality. How much was this man lifted into eminence by the concatenation of circumstances and how much by his own innate genius? Dozens of theories have been and will be spun upon that subject. This new biography offers some interesting evidence both for those who think that history makes great men and for those who insist that great men make history.

R. N.

Notes on Morals

Morals of Tomorrow. By Ralph W. Sockman. Harper's. \$2.50.

NO one can read Dr. Sockman's *Morals of Tomorrow* intelligently and still regard his own morals as private, personal, individualistic. For those who think of morality in terms of intoxicating liquor and sex it is important to demonstrate that problems of business, industry, and government involve not only economics and political science but also fundamental issues of morality.

It is well to have Dr. Sockman, who is a leading Methodist and president of the Greater New York Federation of Churches, say: "The moral intelligence of today is not deceived when it hears the defenders of the status quo making their specious pleas for churches to stick to the old-fashioned gospel of saving souls and let social, industrial, and political situations alone. That is not the old-fashioned gospel if one goes back to the Hebrew prophets and the Founder of Christianity; nor can it be an adequate attitude for tomorrow."

The book is readable and should prove useful. Its brilliant phrases and epigrams will make it popular and easily quoted by preachers and lecturers. Some of its apt phrases will no doubt go into general circulation; for example, "Moral progress has been made by the margins of social concerns over mere self-respect"; "It may seem a real question whether true morality has been hindered more by the bad people who do not try to be good than by the 'good' people who try to be good in such bad ways"; "Largely gone is that old innocence which was an ignorance of the physiology of sex, and with many its place is taken by a 'new innocence' which is an ignorance of any function of sex beyond the physical."

It might have been a great book if the author had not written it, as he says, "in the heart of the metropolis and in the midst of a crowded schedule." He has given us brilliant analysis without synthesis. We hope to have in the future some high creative work from him.

However, the present reviewer believes that no discussion of morals on the basis of strict philosophical monism and evolutionary optimism is adequate. Dr. Sockman is not a romanticist in the popular sense, but his theory of human nature is essentially romantic. Actual moral and ethical progress comes with a more realistic view of man which regards his perversity and selfishness as more than mere ignorance or a hang-over of animal naturalism.

ROSSELL P. BARNES

Effective Social Reform

Modern English Reform. By Edward P. Cheyney. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$2.00.

REFORMATION through legislation or reformation through revolution is an alternative that is pressing more and more upon us. Russia today is the example par excellence of the latter while England is the laboratory where the former method has been given the widest scope. It is therefore timely that a book on England, written from this point of view, should come from the press. Dr. Cheyney, in the present volume, makes a helpful division in the kinds of reform attempted. The first consisted in "reform by liberation" prevalent during the early part of the nineteenth century. "These reforms . . . strove to remove abuses, not to introduce constructive practices. They liberated men from disabilities, they did not create for them new opportunities." This was to be expected, for the reformation that was attempted was tied to the philosophy of *laissez faire*. It was not until labor developed a new class-consciousness that the reformation attacked the underlying philosophy and structure of an acquisitive society.

The author finds that reform movements have followed certain identical steps, and his analysis reveals a technique for reformers that is both illuminating and suggestive. It is the practice—one might almost say the essence—of reformers to face forward, not backward. But when, for over a century, there has been social reform on a national scale carried on in an industrial country like Great Britain, it would pay the reformers of other nations to cast a glance at this movement. Whether we Americans are going to avoid the pitfall of revolution by pressing forward on the path of reformation is still an open question. It will depend upon how quickly we can effect legislative changes, and how thoroughly they go to the root of our economic and social ills. Dr. Cheyney's book gives us some suggestions in the light of history.

CAMERON PARKER HALL

Back to Carlyle

Morgan the Magnificent. By John K. Winkler. Vanguard Press. \$3.50.

JUST when historians begin to believe that the "great man" myth has been abolished once and for all, some enterprising journalist-biographer reverts to the Carlyle tradition. One result of such reversion is Winkler's *Morgan the Magnificent*.

Lacking a knowledge of the economic history of the United States from 1860 to 1910, the reader of this volume would gain the impression that the tremendous development of the United States was due primarily to Morgan and perhaps a few of his financial cronies and enemies. Not a line do we find about the development of natural resources, the increase in population, the advances in technical skill, made possible by a host of inventions, or the westward migrations which followed the Homestead Law of 1862—to mention only a few of the factors that gave the financiers and *entrepreneurs* of the period their chance. Mr. Winkler has put the cart before the horse.

One phase of the period, however, will be clear to Mr. Winkler's readers. A few unscrupulous financiers did succeed in gaining control of the enormous wealth created in this country in the latter half of the nineteenth century by the sweat and blood of a host of native and immigrant workers. And not only did they control the industrial structure, but they dominated the political—witness

the rôle of Morgan in the panics of 1893-5 and 1907, when the Government was virtually handed over to the boss of Wall Street to do with as he pleased.

The house of Morgan invented the voting trust. That was the weapon that enabled it to create U. S. Steel and install Judge Gary of twelve-hour day fame as czar of steel. That is the weapon that has been refined into the holding companies of today, and has put the control of a highly collectivized industrial order into the hands of a few wealthy promoters and financiers. This dictatorial power applies to human beings as well as to stocks and bonds.

We would suggest that those who believe in keeping our social order uncontrolled, so that individual personalities will not be hampered, may well consider the effect Morgan's individual freedom had on the personalities of the steel and railroad workers of this country. We especially commend this consideration to Mr. Winkler.

ANDREW J. BIEMILLER

The Meaning of the Cross

The Meaning of the Cross. By Henry Sloane Coffin. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A DISSERTATION on the death of Jesus which contains no single note of unreality, a study of the cross which illuminates the situation that ever develops when a pure and lofty spirit is confronted by the principalities and powers of an unethical social order—no small accomplishment!

Here is a subject which is highly dangerous. Only a competent historian may handle it adequately. To set forth the historic causes of the crucifixion of Christ demands scholarship of no mean order. To interpret the workings of a mind such as that of Jesus requires an extraordinary degree of insight. To know and yet transcend traditional views of "the atonement" requires not only insight but courage. Dr. Coffin appears to possess all three. If there is any more illuminating discussion than his "What Crucified Christ", I for one am not aware of it. Persons who believe that "Christ's blood was just another murder" will take exception to the very putting of the question "Why Did He Have Himself Crucified?" But Dr. Coffin argues convincingly for the view that "His journey to Jerusalem was deliberately planned, that he foresaw the peril involved, and that up to the very last he was of two minds as to the event—he prayed for escape from the terrible ordeal of a violent death, and he accepted it as his father's will for him, explaining it as the divine method of achieving his purpose." He does not believe that Jesus had a martyr complex. He does believe that in the situation in which he found himself, Jesus came to the dread conclusion that only by deliberately forcing a dangerous issue could he reveal unmistakably the thought and will of God. An exception to this view will be taken only by persons who fail to see how profoundly religious was the personality of Jesus.

Many a prospective reader of this book will doubtless turn to the third chapter first in order to discover whether it is likely to prove worth while for him to read further. If he does, he will not be disappointed; for Dr. Coffin's answer to the question, "How Shall We Interpret the Cross?" reveals the qualities which have made him a great preacher and an inspiring teacher. The traditional views of the atonement he does not so much combat as transcend with an insight that recognizes whatever of value they contain and yet is not trammelled by their ethical and spiritual limitations—an insight, moreover, which clearly sees contempo-

rary situations in which the cross, in some form, is for pure and lofty spirits inescapable.

For myself, I may say that not in a long time have I read a book which more vividly presented to me the age-old conflict between militaristic materialism and adventurous idealism or more vigorously constrained me to settle the question on which side my own lot should be cast.

ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE

What Price Efficiency?

The Tragedies of Progress. By Gina Lombroso. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.75.

MADAME LOMBROSO, who is a daughter of the famous Italian criminologist and the wife of the historian Ferrero, has lavished a wealth of scholarship on two theses in this book. One is that industrialism exacts too great a price; the other is that modern industry is the result not of modern man's superior intelligence but of his willingness to pay a price for efficiency which his fathers were not willing to pay. She is not fully convincing in elaborating either thesis.

The rise of industrialism is attributed to the growth of the profit motive, which the author ascribes to Protestantism. In following Max Weber at this point, she fails to take account of the important amendments that have been added to his position. Numerous cases of suppression of new inventions prior to the eighteenth century are cited, but these hardly have the significance Madame Lombroso attributes to them. They were due to the natural inertia of human society rather than to a conscious social philosophy which had judged the price the machine would cost and had determined that price to be too high.

In attempting to prove that the machine exacts too great a price of the human spirit, Madame Lombroso emphasizes the least convincing arguments and neglects the most important ones. She minimizes improvements in standards of living, even though her pages abound in descriptions of unbelievably low standards in the past. She discounts modern education almost completely and assumes that the old unschooled craftsman who could not read was mentally superior to the schooled technician who can—all of which is a rather romantic glorification of the past. She is probably right in depreciating the extent and the value of the leisure which the machine has given modern man, but she is less convincing when she finds no value whatsoever in that increased leisure.

She touches upon but does not emphasize the most important aspect of industrial civilization: its aggravation of social injustice and inequality. Her cure for the ills of industrialism is the development of the kind of social intelligence which will recognize the limitations of an industrial civilization and will work for their elimination. This goal is to be achieved chiefly through the decentralization of industry and the substitution of small industrial units for larger ones. Such a remedy would not be adequate even if it were wholly possible. Of the need for more social control Madame Lombroso has little understanding. She wants to destroy what cannot be destroyed and she fails to recognize how great the price of destruction would be. The way to salvation in an industrial civilization is not backward but forward. If we pay too much for efficiency, we must minimize the cost without losing the efficiency. If the machine has got out of hand, it must not be destroyed but brought under social control.

R. N.

WE RECOMMEND

New Russia's Primer. By M. Ilin. Houghton Mifflin. 162 pages. \$1.75. An excellent elementary survey of what Russia is trying to do and how she is achieving her ends. Ham Fish ("Red Herring") and his D.A.R. cronies can now discover what it is all about.

Americans. By Salvador de Madariaga. Oxford University Press. New York. \$2.50. Witty and penetrating observations by the Professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford and a former high official of the League of Nations.

The Quest for Social Justice. By Harold Underwood Faulkner. Macmillan Company. \$4.00. A reliable and highly interesting history of the United States from 1898 to 1914, with especial emphasis upon the life of the common people. Significant chapters discuss big business, the labor world, the new democracy, women in the new century, children's rights, religion, social reform, etc.

The Dry Decade. By Charles Merz. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.00. One of our ablest journalists charts the history of prohibition enforcement during the past ten years. His book, written without animus and with very little bias, recommends itself as an invaluable piece of history to anyone who for practical, political, or historical reasons desires to have an outline of the successes and failures of prohibition enforcement.

Problems of Peace, Fifth Series, lectures delivered at the Geneva Institute of International Relations. Oxford University Press. New York. \$3.00. Lectures by William Rappard, André Siegfried, Gilbert Murray, J. L. Garvin, Salvador de Madariaga, A. E. Zimmern, etc., on world government, the League, the I.L.O., economic causes of war, disarmament and kindred themes.

Bolshevism at a Deadlock. By Karl Kautsky. Rand School Press. \$1.75. This indictment of Russian bolshevism by a renowned German Socialist would be more convincing if the data were more recent. Most of the evidence of inefficiency in industry, for instance, is drawn from the period preceding 1928. Russian industry is no doubt still inefficient, but some progress has been made for which this book gives no credit. Kautsky is intimately acquainted with the history of Russia since the revolution, but one has the impression that Lenin's personal attack upon him has made it difficult for him to maintain an objective attitude.

Goodbye to Western Culture. By Norman Douglas. Harper & Brothers. 241 pp. \$3.00. If India and the Orient received a drubbing from Katharine Mayo, the Occident fares even worse at the hands of this author, whose strictures though written from an Englishman's point of view, are as applicable to America as to Europe. However, while Mr. Douglas's effort to puncture the smug superiority complex of western nations is highly commendable, he is just as inaccurate and prejudiced as the author whom he refutes. And his style, though brilliant and epigrammatic, is annoying because of its disjointed, notebook arrangement.

Governmental Control of Crude Rubber. By Charles R. Whittlesey. Princeton University Press. \$2.50. An accurate and comprehensive discussion of Great Britain's experiment in controlling rubber production under the Stevenson Plan.

Arabia. By H. St. J. B. Philby. Scribner's. 387 pages. \$5. The modern history of Arabia is largely the story of the Wahhabs. This volume of *The Modern World* series will fill a gap for all who are puzzled about the goings-on in the great desert peninsula.

Dominion Autonomy in Practice. By Arthur Berriedale Keith. Oxford University Press. New York. \$2.00. An illuminating explanation of the relationships between the different parts of the British Commonwealth, especially timely as the second Indian Round Table Conference approaches.

The American Leviathan. By Charles A. Beard and William Beard. Macmillan Company. \$5.00. The workings of the Federal Government interpreted by two competent craftsmen. Exhaustive in scope and attractive in style, this volume offers the general reader a convenient way to familiarize himself with the structure and functions of "the American Leviathan."

Robots or Gods. By Alexander Goldenweiser. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00. Dr. Goldenweiser, best known as an anthropologist, draws upon his anthropological learning in order to philosophize on the problems of modern civilization. He distinguishes between the "craft mind" which conquers nature and gives rise to industry, and "intuitive mind" which gains its victory over nature by transcending her in the achievement of art and the insights of religion. His analysis is illuminating but might well have been elaborated further. As it stands, it seems inconclusive.

The International City of Tangier. By Graham H. Stuart. Stanford University Press. 323 pages. \$4. Tangier in Morocco is too close to Gibraltar; hence the British have not permitted any of the great powers to control it. Since 1914 it has been internationalized at first under three powers, later under four. The region is an area of about 200 square miles and has a population hardly exceeding 70,000. The internationalization removed a major friction spot from European politics and is thus justifiable. But it has not worked to the welfare of the inhabitants. The study is fully documented.

Education of a Princess. By Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia. Viking Press. 388 pages. \$3.50. One is obliged to pay to this volume a high tribute—that it succeeds in holding the reader's attention to the last page and word. A cousin of the late Czar Nicholas of Russia, and one of the last surviving Romanovs, the Grand Duchess has set down her own story during some of her country's stormiest years. The implications of the tale are as compelling as the actual chronicle of adventures, no matter on which side of the Communist fence one takes his stand. After reading this fascinating tale, remarkably free from bitterness, one perceives more clearly than ever the inevitableness of the Russian debacle. One wonders whether some of the credit for the limpid simplicity of the style in which the book is written should not go to the translator and editor, Russell Lord.

International Government. By Edmund C. Mower. D. C. Heath and Company. \$5.00. A 700-page college textbook covering the development of international agencies of justice. Some 200 pages are devoted to an account of the League of Nations.

CORRESPONDENCE

Student "Reds" in Japan

ARE we to assume that certain government officials in Japan have learned wisdom in the school of experience? The signs are hopeful. Recent announcements emanating from the newly appointed chief of the Metropolitan Police Bureau of Tokyo assure the public that more lenient methods are to be used in dealing with student radicals. It appears that hereafter when student "reds" are discovered in their pursuit of *kiken shiso* (dangerous thought), they are not to be subjected forthwith to arrest and the consequent crudities of police methods. These tactics are to become a last, not a first resort. Students under suspicion of harboring and spreading communism are to be warned, their parents and school authorities notified with a view to enlisting their helpful cooperation, and other means of moral suasion used for the purpose of inducing active extremists to change their ways.

It is interesting to note that a few days before this announcement was made, the ban was lifted on news concerning police raids on communist groups during the past year. Of the hundreds arrested, 173 were indicted, and of this number 93 were college students or graduates. The new tactics may mean of course that the police are satisfied that the communist movement is under control. This explanation is hardly acceptable in that it implies the willingness of police officials to discard a weapon they had found effective. Furthermore many of those in close touch with student thought affirm that there is no abatement in student radicalism. It is therefore a reasonable inference that the police see the futility of controlling ideas with the weapons of force. Be that as it may, any sign of the abandonment of so-called third degree methods in dealing with educated young men whose only crime is in the realm of social theory, is to be welcomed as evidence of common sense.

Tokyo, Japan

ARTHUR JORGENSEN

Promoting Peace in Chicago

ENCLOSED you will find my check for a year's subscription to THE WORLD TOMORROW. I became interested in your magazine through newspaper accounts of several of your articles on the World War question. I could not find you on the newsstand, but finally located you in the home of a friend.

I teach European history in the Lindblom High School. During the war, of course, I joined heartily with the mob, preachers and all, in proclaiming the virtues of the Allies and damning the evils of Germany. Then came the facts! Such a disillusionment! And now I send nearly 500 boys and girls from my classes each year with the real facts as to the cause of the war: that even the United States had no lofty idealistic reason for entering. I show them the complete futility of all wars, and that war never settles anything, it merely aggravates. The distressing thing about the matter is the ignorance of professed history teachers. How they love to prate the old discarded myths! These myths serve to keep alive in the minds of our youth the glory of war in general and of the last war in particular.

May your paper have increasing influence on the people of this country. If all the money and energy that is now spent in preparing for wars in the future could be spent in promoting peace throughout the land, it would not be long before people would be thinking in terms of peace, and the results would be indeed gratifying.

Chicago, Ill.

C. A. HOLLISTER

A Camp for Workers' Children

THIS year marks the eighth birthday of Pioneer Youth of America, a working-class undertaking which has come to be recognized as one of the most significant expressions of the workers' educational movement. Pioneer Youth conducts an experimental camp in the foothills of the Catskills which a group of trade union representatives and leaders in the progressive educational movement established for workers' children.

Beginning with raw land, the children and staff created most of the facilities needed for community living. They have cut through artificialities and conventional procedure, and are conducting a camp without points and prizes, without uniformity, without competition and regimentation, and have obtained amazing results. Here they have set out to discover and use those factors in educational procedure that contribute most to personality development and the growth of social-mindedness.

Parents interested in a non-profit-making social camp community for their children, and individuals wishing to make its facilities available for workers' children requiring scholarships are invited to communicate with Pioneer Youth of America, 45 Astor Place, New York City.

New York City

E. C. LINDEMAN, *Chairman*

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Antimilitarist Ministers

THE Second International Congress of Antimilitarist Ministers and Clergymen will be held at Zürich, Switzerland, September 2nd to 4th, 1931. The following resolution, proposed by Professor G. J. Heering at the First International Congress at Amsterdam in 1928, was accepted as the basis of the union:

(1) That the moral principles of Christianity, as they are revealed by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, are in irreconcilable opposition to war; (2) that war, especially modern warfare, by its very character violates all Christian values; (3) that the state, which makes preparations for war and forces its citizens to share in the business of war, de-christianizes the nation.

The International Union makes an urgent appeal to the Christian churches to consider it their duty: (a) to protest in a fundamentally antimilitaristic way against the sin of war and war-preparation; (b) to declare the office of military chaplain inconsistent with the Gospel; (c) to protect the conscientious objector as one maintaining the pure Christian attitude; (d) to convince the Christian nation that it ought to disarm and, instead of the sinful risk of war, ought to accept in reliance on the assistance of God, the risk of peace.

The 1931 program includes an address by Professor L. Ragaz on "The Problem of Violence;" a lecture by Dr. W. H. Macpherson on "Our Position Towards the League of Nations;" and a discussion by Professor Heering on "The Task of the Church."

Further information may be obtained from the general secretary, the Rev. J. B. Hugenoltz, Ammerstol, Holland.

The Last Page

SOMETIMES a typographical error is like the point of a spear against a child's balloon. They can occasionally explode inflated reputations quite delightfully. It was not very many moons ago that the American Ambassador in Paris was delivering an oration in which he justified the economic system of America, the life and ideals of the people, and just about everything, when it comes to that, against all critics, foreign or at home. He then made an appeal to the *fairminded* to refute the claims that we are materialistic and self-centered. He did *not* say anything about aviation. The Paris *New York Herald* made him say: "Anyone who really knows America and is air-minded, will be willing to admit that this description is unjust, unfounded, and in some instances insulting."

Speaking as one who has always been rather air-minded when it comes to historical facts, and who is tolerant of neither side in the churchly wars of the so-called Reformation, I nevertheless have learned a great deal about the courtly life, or what amounted to the same thing, of those lively popes who reigned for seventy years away from Rome. Consequently I was not exactly surprised, only a little put out by the modern frankness, when I read in a stoutly defensive guide-book of Provence, "The popes of Avignon were excellent pops."

* * *

THE modern age continues to be balked, however, by the inability of people to grow up in less than their allotted years. There was a small boy who showed a keen interest in insect life. His father, observing it with approval, and thinking to encourage the youngster, advised him to go to the public library and get out a book that would help him. That night, when the father came home, he saw his son deep in a little volume. "Well, Son," he asked, "did you find a good book that would help you with the butterflies and bees?" "I got one," admitted the boy, "but I can't make much out of it, although it's called *Advice to Young Moth-ers*."

* * *

YET it is not always thus. High up in the Bavarian Alps, Eccentricus met a lad of some eight winters. This was a hearty but a kindly, well-mannered boy, and his attractive behavior won a sincere compliment from an elderly associate at table, who said to the boy's mother, "Madam, you have a very fine son there; he is lively enough, but he certainly handles himself well in public." A trifle embarrassed by this loudly-voiced praise, and anxious to demonstrate his essential modesty, the kid piped up, politely: "Oh, yes, thank you, Sir; in our town at home we have an excellent specialist in child psychology."

* * *

I HAVE begun to have a little less distrust of royalty. It has happened in this wise. Far back in my collegiate days, there was a fascinating game known as "hot-hand." This, I always understood, was indigenous to that particular institution of learning. You played it simply by forcing one victim to bend over while a gang of none-too-tender brutes gathered around close, on the side toward which he was *not* facing. Suddenly one would smite him from the west—the side, as the old proverb has it, that the son sets on—whereupon all would hold their hands aloft, one finger on each hand extended. If he could guess whose hand it was which was hot from the forcible contact, that sinner had to go down; but if he failed, he had to go down again himself.

This elevating and democratizing custom always charmed me, somehow. Once, later, when I was directing a summer playground, I introduced it among the 276 boys under my charge, but they were inexperienced in self-discipline, and I had no fewer than seventeen fights on my hands in fifteen minutes in fourteen parts of the grounds.

It seems a far cry from all this to the splendors of the Trianon. But nevertheless, one afternoon after Normala and I had alighted at a Breton village named Plancoet, the nearest stop of the snooty little inland train to our bayside *pension*, we sought a bite to eat. We had been misinformed about the time of the train, as usual, and had to hop aboard without getting the lunch we had planned to eat. It was already four o'clock. Now, the French are an orderly people, if their streets seem to point to the contrary; and when the right time for *dejeuner* has gone by, there is simply no *dejeuner* to be found. After four refusals to serve us a bite, not even for the sake of my great-uncle, who had once given a second-hand book to the American Library in Paris and whose unselfish love for the French people I now dwelt upon, we stumbled about in decreasing hope and increasing appetites. At the *Hotel des Voyageurs*, which ought to be less hostile toward unexpected demands, M. Eccentricus walked through the empty hall into the empty dining room into the empty kitchen into the court where some kind-looking ladies were hanging up large sheets on a small line. In a moment, the deal was made, our madness was taken for granted when we explained our nationality, and we were served an excellent *repas*, even if, in the usual way, it was tantalizingly strung out to nine courses of as many small samples brought on one at a time.

Having decided that not even the kind of thirst I had at the moment justified taking a chance on the vinegary-tasting Breton cider, which I have never let touch my lips, my gaze wandered around the room. It halted at an old colored engraving, showing Marie Antoinette and the ladies of her court going through some strange contortions. The title was, incredibly, in French, "Hot Hand." And now I have since learned that this is, also, an old Scottish custom. For all I know, it was taken across the Channel by Mary, Queen of Scots. And all goes to prove how little appreciated are the humanizing values of rough play. There would never have been a French Revolution had Marie only just said, "If they haven't bread, why don't they play Hot Hand?" Or if the *sansculottes* had ever bored a hole through the fence and seen going on in fact this unaristocratic sport of queens. "What?" the masses would have said, "overthrow so pleasant and whimsical and altogether human a creature as this? Away with your bitter jests!"

* * *

IT will be seen that Eccentricus is something of a roughneck, not especially charmed by dignity or form. Much as he likes his boarding-house mates in his present French dwelling place, he finds it a little wearing to shake hands regularly with twenty-two people every time he leaves them and goes up to bed. And the stern formality of some museums and many cathedrals is all too apt to pall. He has more than once been reminded of the schoolboy who is reported to have written, in an examination on physiology, "The blood is putrefied in the lungs by inspired air."

* * *

THERE was a young American lady, so a Continental story goes, who went to Greece. Standing with the ruins of the ancient civilization all about her, she remained immobile for a time, with a puzzled look upon her face. "This," said the official guide, in a loud voice, "is the Acropolis." "But," replied the girl, with undiminished bewilderment, "where are the Four Horsemen?"

* * *

AND, finally, there is the British boy who wrote, for the delectation of his teacher: "George Washington was a remarkable man. He was an American and could not tell a lie."

Yours as ever . . .

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